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THESPIAN GLEANINGS,

A COLLECTION OF

COMIC RECITALS, SONGS, TALES, &c.

INCLUDING A VARIETY OF

COMIC SKETCHES,

FROM

DODD'S LECTURE ON HEARTS;

A FARCE CALLED

WHO'S TO BLAME;

OR,

NO FOOL LIKE AN OLD ONE;

AND MANY ORIGINALS

BY

T. MEADOWS, *Comedian.*

"AN OLD TRITE PROVERB LET ME QUOTE,
"AS IS YOUR CLOTH SO CUT YOUR COAT."

Garrick.

ULVERSTON,

Printed by George Ashburner, and may be had of the following
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Preston; Ware, Whitehaven; Lumsden and Son, Glasgow.

(PRICE 3S.)

ERRATA.

- Page 18, l. 25, *for brook read broke.* ~
20, l. 21, *for denouncement read denouement.* ~
25, l. 21, *for poisen'd read poison'd.* ~
l. 35, *for entom'd read entomb'd.* ~
32, l. 2. *for Portagueze read Portugueze.* ~
40, l. 12. *for Dionecius read Dionysius.* ~
42, l. 30. *for here read hear.* ~
94, l. 27. *for persue read pursue.* ~

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TO SAMUEL BUTLER ESQUIRE,

AS A SMALL TRIBUTE OF RESPECT,
TO THE MEMBERS AND VISITORS OF THE SOCIETY OF
STRANGERS AT HOME, OR, THEATRICAL CLUB;
TO EVERY SON OF THESPI, AND TO A CANDID PUBLIC,
THIS SELECTION IS MOST RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED
BY THEIR MUCH OBLIGED,

EVER GRATEFUL AND

VERY HUMBLE SERVANT,

THOMAS MEADOWS.

Theatre, Ulverstone,
December 28th. 1864.

Wang to TH
The GLEANER, most respectfully solicits the pardon of those gentlemen whose performances he has any way abridged or altered; when he informs them this selection was not originally intended to meet the public eye, but merely collected at various times to serve the purposes of a Benefit, and is now first published at the particular request of several (perhaps too partial) friends, he trusts their candour will excuse his thus submitting it to their kind protection "with all its imperfections on its head." *Shakespear* (hem).

THE HUNTER'S GUN

BY J. H. B. HUNTER

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STRANGERS AT HOME ;

OR,

THEATRICAL CLUB.

Tune, ---The Opening Air in the Deserter." (T. Dibdin.)

THE pate of a poet is often so stor'd
With nonsense and whimsies, and such kind of pother,
That, at times, the poor varlet is plaguily bor'd,
His thoughts and conceits to select from each other :
And such, I declare,
Is my case to a hair,
My brain for a subject, is quite on the rack ;
And a good one to chuse
Is as hard to my muse,
As to draw a court card from a well shuffled pack.

Thus authors, like gamesters, are puzzled, at times,
Their skill to exert, in the end to be winners ;
For tho' one plays with *cards* and the other with *rhymes*,
Yet both on their luck oft depend---for their dinners:
Then the suit I select
Let good nature protect,
Nor *trump* my best hopes with your critical *rubs* :
For setting apart
Spade, diamond, or heart.
The theme of my ditty, at present, is *clubs*.

Master Addison tells us of clubs without end,
Of short clubs, of tall clubs, of fat clubs, and lean, Sir,
Where each man, or crooked or straight, met his friend,
And punch, wine, and laughter enliven'd the scene, Sir:
And

And ev'ry one knows
 That, in his age of beaux,
 The man who to fashion or dress had pretences,
 Ty'd a club to his hair
 That would make a man stare,
 And frighten a modern fop out of his senses.

But whatever clubs I have brought to your view,
 Whether fat clubs, or lean clubs, or short clubs, or tall,
 Sir,

Let every man here to each other be true,
 And *this* is a club that surpasses them all, Sir :

For where, if not here,
 Shall pleasure appear,

Where reason and sense mantle over the bowl ;
 Where to heighten delight,
 Wit and humour unite,

And mirth sheds his influence round ev'ry soul.

Then Strangers at home, join the world to convince,
 You have hearts tun'd to harmony, friendship and joy,
 That your love to each other, your country and prince,
 Can never be lessen'd, nor suffer alloy :

And may each actor here
 To distress lend an ear,

Whene'er on misfortune he chances to light,
 May ev'ry one grace

His profession and place,

And your *clubs* turn up *trumps* ev'ry *benefit* night.

THE ORPHAN BOY'S TALE ;

OR,

BATTLE OF THE NILE.

As recited by MASTER MEADOWS, Theatre, Beverly.

ONE moment stay for mercy's sake,
 And hear a helpless orphan's tale ;
 Ah ! sure my looks must pity wake,
 'Tis want that makes my cheek so pale !

Yet

Yet I was once a mother's pride,
 And my brave father's hope and joy ;
 But in the *Nile's* proud fight he died,
 And I am now an orphan boy !

Poor foolish child ! how pleas'd was I,
 When news of *Nelson's* victory came ;
 Along the crowded streets to fly,
 To see the lighted windows flame.

To force me home my mother sought---
 She could not bear to see my joy :
 For with my father's life 'twas bought,
 And made me a poor orphan boy !

The people's shouts were long and loud,
 My mother shudd'ring clos'd her ears :
 " Rejoice—rejoice," still cry'd the crowd---
 My mother answer'd with her tears.

" Oh ! why do tears steal down your cheek ;"
 (Cry'd I) " while others shout for joy ?"
 She kiss'd me, and in accents weak
 She call'd me her poor orphan boy !

" What is an orphan boy ?" I said ;
 When suddenly she gasp'd for breath,
 And her eyes clos'd ;--I shriek'd for aid ;
 But ah ! her eyes were clos'd for death !

My hardships since I will not tell ;
 But now, no more a parents joy ;
 Alas ! alas ! I have learnt too well
 " What 'tis to be an orphan boy.

Oh, were I by your bounty fed ;
 Nay, gentle hearers, do not chide ;
 Trust me, I mean to earn my bread,
 The sailor's orphan boy has pride.

Ladies, you weep,—what is't you say ?
 You'll give me cloathing, food, employ !
 Look down, dear parents, look and see
 Your happy, happy orphan boy !

JACK's RETURN FROM THE NILE;

OR,

Long Look'd for come at last. (Meadows.)

SUNG BY MR. MEADOWS, THEATRE, KENDAL.

ONCE more safe back behold Poor Jack,
 Who aboard the *Vanguard* enter'd,
 I left my plough, d'ye see as how,
 For a Sailor bold I ventur'd;
 I'd heard about the plaguy route,
 Made by this *Buonaparte*, Sir,
 And thought it odd this mighty god,
 No one could make to smart, Sir;
 With his Puff-Parade,
 Sword and Swagger,
 Blood and Dagger,
 Fol lol lol de ri do.

With *Nelson* brave we plough'd each wave,
 In search of England's foe, Sir,
 Determined soon, and to some tune,
 Straitway to let him know, Sir;
 That British Boys without much noise,
 Spite of his Gasconading,
 To protect their right will bravely fight,
 Nor e'er fear his invading;
 With his &c.

Our voyage too long, was thought among
 The brave boys, of our fleet, Sir,
 So eager they, "how d'ye do" to say,
 And *Buonaparte* to beat, Sir:
 But he before had gain'd the shore,
 And sav'd himself a drubbing,
 Or to Davy Jones we'd sent his bones,
 And given his hide a scrubbing;
 With his &c.

But

But tho' we lost the mighty boast,
 And pride of the great nation,
 We cruised away both night and day,
 Nor ere did quit that station,
 Till their fleet we 'spied, all hands, we cried,
 'Tis now brave boys or never,
 Revenge the cause of King and laws,
England and George for ever ;
 Without Parade,
 Puff or Swagger,
 Make'em Stagger,
 Fol lol lol de ri do.

The Glorious fight began near night,
 With more than common fury,
 On both sides fought and Victory bought,
 Full dear, I do assure ye ;
 Nine sail we've ta'en lords of the main,
 The French fleet, we have fast Sir,
 Then let us sing, "God save the King,"
 Long look'd for's come at last Sir ;
 Without Parade,
 Puff or Swagger,
 Made'em Stagger,
 Fol lol lol de ri do.

Thus ever happy may we be,
 While we have such defenders,
 In *Nelson's* praise your voices raise,
 The scourge of all pretenders ;
 Long may he live each foe to give,
 Just such another beating,
 And soon proud *Franee* be made to dance,
 For peace here humbly treating ;
 No more Parade,
 Puff or Swagger,
 Blood or Dagger,
 Fol lol lol de ri do.

A LECTURE ON LECTURES.

IN THE CHARACTER OF

DOCTOR LAST ;

(G. S. Carey.)

LADIES and *Gemmen*. I am going presently, as you will presently find, to give you a *Lecture on Lectures*, but first and foremost I think it necessary that I should give some account of myself, because as why, a man who can give no account of himself, is to all intents and *parposes a vagram*.

First, as to my name. *Emanuel Last*, at your service, by trade (when I used to follow it,) a shoe maker : but happening to see one of your Lecturers in our town, I was inspired as it were, and knowing him to be no better a *schollard* than myself, I took off my *apron*, threw down my *lap-stone*, kick'd up my *last*, gave up my *awl*, and so set off to Lecture-----I was a long time before I could detarmine with myself what subject to begin upon, at last *Stronomy* came into my head, but I found the *stars* were out of my reach, and when ever I dipp'd into that science, I was presently lost as it were in a cloud-----Then *Ottamy* came into my head, I was at home to a peg in *Ottamy*; for as to plucking out a tooth, picking out a corn, or curing the dry-gripes, nobody is more skilfull than myself-----but when I came to the *imputation* of a leg, and as I am naturally tender hearted, I found it too *cutting* a business for me-----Then, says I to myself, what think'st thou, master Emanuel, of *Chymistry* ? I thought as how that business was something in my way, for as to your *consalves* and *preserves* nobody is more *larned* in that way than myself ; but then, thinks I again, some of my auditors may have an objection to the name of *physic*, and *physic* now a days is nothing but a drug-----then *Heraldry* came into my head ; but happening to see the king's arms on a hackney coach, I thought the dignity of that science was gone to the dogs.--I was advised by a friend to set about *Mid-wifery*, but my mind was *big* with a thousand apprehensions

hensions when ever I thought on *Midwifery*; so I gave it up, because I thought I should never be able to *deliver* myself on that subject-----I would have set about a Lecture on *heads*; but I found master George Alexander Stevens, had dissected every head in the kingdom so well, that I should have been set down as one of his *block-heads*, if I had meddled with ever a one-----I thought the heart wou'd be no bad subject; but I cou'd find so very few good ones, that I had not a heart to set about it-----Thinking of bad hearts put the *law* into my head, and I thought a Lecture on the law would be no *bad* thing; then says I to myself, the law is no good thing in itself, but would it not be better if I could make a good subject out of it, I thought and I ponder'd about it, till I found myself, like a poor fly in a cobweb: the law always puts me in mind of a coffin, once in never out again-----If none of these subjects will do, what in the name of *Lucifer* will do? *Lucifer*! who the devil is Lucifer?-----A great Orator mayhap-----Odds bobbs, an Orator-----it came directly into my head that a Lecture on Oratory would be the best thing I could set about, and so I begins my *Lecture on Oratory*,-----Ladies and *Gemmen*, now according to the *larned*, and I am something of a schollard myself, *Oratory* means *Jawing*, because no orator can speak without his Jaws; perhaps you'll think I can't give you a latin *devination* for it; now you'll find yourselves mistaken.---What is english for *Os*? Why bone to be sure, and the Jaws being full of bones they are fix'd proofs that the word oratory comes from *Os*---now I think it is necessary that you should know what an Orator is: And what is it, you will say.--I answer it is a man--And what is he to do? I answer to speak words.---And what are words? I answer: letters put together: but there can be no word without a *wowel*; because why: Why do ye see, because there can't-----What are the necessary qualities of an Orator? The first he must spit; then wipe his mouth; then lay his hand upon his heart; then turn up his eyes; then out comes a word; then another follows it; and then, like a post horse, let him get on as fast as he can

can----An *Orator* should be a good *mimic* too-----odds
 bobbs now I talks of mimics I must take care what I
 am about for I am surrounded by mimics here and they
 will be for taking me off perhaps---now you shall see I
 will save them the trouble, and take myself off.-----

(Runs off.)

THE LAND IN THE OCEAN. (T. Dibdin.)

Tune "Meg of Wapping."

IN the midst of the sea, like a tough man of war,
 Pull away, pull away, yo ho there,
 Stands an Island surpassing all others by far,
 If you doubt it you've only to go there;
 By Neptune 'twas built upon Freedom's firm base,
 And for ever 'twill last I've a notion,
 All the world I defy to produce such a place,
 Pull away, pull away, pull away, pull I say—
 As the snug bit of land in the Ocean.

From the opposite shore, puff'd with arrogant pride,
 Pull away, pull away, so clever,
 They've oft swore as how they wou'd come along side,
 And destroy the poor Island for ever;
 But *Britannia* is made of such durable stuff,
 And so tightly she's rigg'd, I've a notion,
 She'd soon give the saucy invaders enough,
 Pull away, pull away, &c.
 If they touch'd at the land in the Ocean.

There was *Howe*, ever bold in the glorious cause,
 Pull away, pull away, so stout boys,
 Who gain'd on the *first* day of *June*, such applause,
 And *Mounseer*, he put to the route boys,
 The next was *St. Vincent* who kick'd up a dust,
 As the *Spaniards* can tell, I've a notion,

For

For they swore not to strike, says he "Dam me but
you must,"

Pull away, pull away, &c.
To the lads of the land in the Ocean.

Adam Duncan came next 'twas in Autumn you know,

Pull away, pull away so Jolly,
That he made big Mynheer strike his flag to a foe,
Against whom all resistance was folly;
And they sent as you know, if you're not quite a dunce,
But a sad *Story* home, I've a notion,
So *Duncan* he beat a whole *Winter* at once,
Pull away, pull away, &c.
What d'ye think of the Land in the Ocean.

Now the *Frenchmen* again have come in for their share,

Pull away, pull away, so hearty,
For *Nelson* has set all the world in a stare.
And land lock'd the great *Buonaparte*;
And we'd beat them again should their stomachs
incline,
But they're all pretty sick I've a notion,
Then may Victory's sword to the Olive resign,
Pull away, pull away, &c.
And *Peace* crown the Land in the Ocean.

THE JOLLY DYER. (*T. Dibdin.*)

SUNG BY MR. MEADOWS, THEATRE, KENDAL.

Tune,----"A plague of your pother about this or that."

IN this world so extensive how many, to eat,
Will laugh or will cry, will pray, or will cheat,
But for me, I exist quite a different way,
For the better to *live* Sirs, I *dye* every day.
Tol lol &c.

Your

Your doctors may physic, your counsellors talk,
 Your pugilists box, your pedestrians walk;
 By the deaths of their friends, undertakers get pelf,
 But my *living* arises from *dying* myself.

Tol lol &c.

In the noose matrimonial how many are fast,
 A knot ty'd so firm, it for ever must last;
 But, with us men of colour, 'tis loosen'd with ease,
 For we make our *wives die*—whenever we please.

Tol lol &c.

Mankind we distinguish by different hues,
 And know, by their colours, Turks, Frenchmen, or
 Jews;

Yet we never, like West-India planters, good lack,
 Would oppress a poor brother, because he's *dy'd*
black.

Tol lol &c.

What are all your great patriots, who gain such applause,
 By saying they'd *die* for their country and laws;
 Were they to *perform* all their *promises* speak,
 They could only *die once*, while we *die all the week*,

Tol lol &c.

May *dying* still *live* and may trade never *die*,
 May our country's *colours* all colours outvie;
 May the blessings of Peace make each honest heart sing,
 Success to Old England and long live the King.

Tol lol &c.

A FIG FOR INVASION ;

OR,

THE SNUG LITTLE ISLAND.

DADDY Neptune, one day, to *Freedom* did say,
 If ever I live upon *dry* land,
 The spot I should hit on, would be little Britain,
 Says *Freedom*, why that's my own Island;

Oh

Oh what a snug little Island,
 A right little, tight little Island,
 All the globe round,
 None can be found,
 So happy as this little Island.

Julius Cesar the Roman, who yielded to no man,
 Came by water, he couldn't come by land,
 And Dane, Pict and Saxon, their homes turn'd their
 backs on,
 And all for the sake of our Island ;
 O what a snug little Island,
 They'd all have a touch at the Island,
 Some were shot dead,
 Some of them fled,
 And some stay'd to live in the Island.

Then a very great war man call'd *Billy* the Norman,
 Cried damn it I never lik'd my land,
 It would be much more handy to leave this Normandy,
 And live on yon beautiful Island ;
 Says he 'tis a snug little Island,
 Shan't us go visit the Island,
 Hop skip and Jump,
 There he was plump,
 And he kick'd up a dust in the Island.

Yet party deceit help'd the Normans to beat,
 Of traitors they managed to buy land,
 By Dane, Saxon or Pict, we ne'er had been lick'd,
 Had they stuck to the King of their Island ;
 Poor Harold the King of the Island
 He lost both his life and his Island,
 Thats very true,
 What could he do,
 Like a Briton he dy'd for his Island.

The Spanish Armada set out to Invade-a
 Quite sure if they ever came nigh land,
 They couldn't do less, than tuck up Queen Bess,
 And take their full swing in the Island ;

Oh

Oh the poor Queen and the Island,
 The drones came to plunder the Island.
 But snug in her hive,
 The Queen was alive,
 And buzz was the word in the Island,

These proud puff'd up cakes thought to make *ducks*
 and *drakes*,

Of our wealth, but they scarcely coul'd *spy* land,
 E'er our *Drake* had the luck to make their pride *duck*,
 And stoop to the lads of the Island;

Huzza for the lads of the Island,
 The good wooden walls of the Island,
 Devil or Don,
 Let'em come on,
 But how would they come off at the Island.

I dont wonder much, that the French and the Dutch,
 Have since been often tempted to *try* land,
 And I wonder much less, they have met no success,
 For why should we give up our Island;

Oh 'tis a wonderful Island,
 All of them long for the Island,
 But hold a bit there,
 Let'em take fire and air,
 But we'll have the sea and the Island.

Then as Freedom and Neptune have hitherto kept
 tune,

In each saying this shall be my land;
 Should the army of England, or all they could bring
 land,

We'd shew'em some play for the Island;
 We'd fight for our right to the Island.
 We'd give them enough of the Island,
 Frenchmen should just,
 Bite of the dust,
 But not a bit more of the Island.

A COMIC BURLESQUE TRAGIC BAGATELLE

(IN ONE ACT)

CALLED

L I N D A M I R A;

O R,

TRAGEDY A LA MODE. (Foote.)

CHARACTERS. (Haymarket Theatre, 1763.)

Fustian, (an Author)	- - -	Mr. FOOTE.
Project, (the Manager)	- -	Mr. KENNEDY.
Crontes, (the King)	- - -	Mr. - - - - -
Tribus, (the Confidant)	- -	Mr. - - - - -
and Golcondus, (the Hero)	-	Mr. WILKINSON.
Princess Lindamira,	- - -	Mr. PEARCE.

SCENE I. *A Front Chamber.**Enter PROJECT meeting FUSTIAN.*

PROJECT.

Mr. Fustian, your most devoted, this is a lucky encounter, a most happy opportunity to communicate your plan.

FUSTIAN.

Sir, I have many, and most of them calculated to punish that insolent, self sufficient race of people called players; who tho' but the midwives of the muses, have the arrogance to elbow and jostle us poets, the heirs apparent of Parnassus, the genuine offspring of Apollo.

PROJECT.

They are a little overbearing Fustian, but these gentry are so frequently clothed with imaginary royalty, that it is no wonder if they now and then forget their real characters.

B

FUSTIAN.

FUSTIAN.

Let them consider, Mr. Project, to whom they owe their crowns and sceptres ; why, I sir, little as I seem to be, have made no less than three Emperors, two Chams of Tartary, five Roman Consuls, and a Pope, and yet these rascals are as forgetful to whom they owe their power as a Member of Parliament of his constituents the day after his election---but I'll clip their wings, I'll humble their pride.

PROJECT.

How? Mr. Fustian.

FUSTIAN.

Why Sir, I have two schemes, the first is to sweep the Actors entirely from the stage.

PROJECT.

What Sir, shut up the Theatres?

FUSTIAN.

Wide of the mark,---shut up the Theatres,---no Sir, my design is to furnish it with an entire new race of beings. I have a scheme of introducing a set of *Actors* beautiful in their persons, decent in their demeanor and of an exceeding nice morality, in short---

“ A blameless race of souls sincere,

“ In action faultless, and in honour clear :

“ Who bro~~ke~~no promise, serv'd no private end,

“ Who gain'd no title, and who lost no friend :”

In a word Sir, they are a set of puppets.

PROJECT.

Oh! Zooks, they will never do.

FUSTIAN.

Why not, Mr. Project; reflect only on how many puppets you meet in the world---but I had better communicate the other I have, you will then be more able to advise.

PROJECT.

PROJECT.

Pray let me hear it?

FUSTIAN.

Why tho' as I can't in the first instance banish all living beings from the stage, yet I have contrived to do the whole business of the scene by the aid of one personage only, and that is nearly as well; what a deal of useless pains and unnecessary time our modern bards (some few excepted) have bestow'd on their tragedies; five acts its true the laws of the Stage require, but could not we contrive by retrenching all superfluous personages, by pruning irregular shoots and lopping diseased limbs to compress all the pith and matter of these five acts into fifteen minutes.

PROJECT.

A very ingenious contrivance, but how will the public relish the sterility of the repast.

FUSTIAN.

You mean the want of variety of characters,---lack a day Mr. Project, its not the play but the player, not the exploits of a Richard or a Tamerlane but the fame of his representative that the people come to see, if then we can get rid of all the supernumerary personages, and put the whole business of the scene into one mouth, we can ease the poet's labour, lessen the manager's expence, save our own time, and produce the favourite actor.

PROJECT.

But how can that be done?

FUSTIAN.

Nothing so easy, I have here a piece (*takes it out of his pocket*) that not only clearly demonstrates the possibility but propriety of the design, my title is "*LINDAMIRA; or, LOVE 'TILL DEATH*, and my characters are

GOLCONDUS,

GOLCONDUS, (*the Hero.*)
 CRONTES, (*the King.*)
 TRIBUS, (*the Confidant.*)

and LINDAMIRA, (*the Princess.*)

The Hero to be play'd by the favourite Actor, the other characters by Pantomimic Performers, or Dummys.

PROJECT.

Dummys.

FUSTIAN.

Yes, for as nobody but the hero is to speak, of what materials the other characters are constructed is very indifferent.

PROJECT.

The thought is new, and a great deal will depend on the execution.

FUSTIAN.

I see you still have your doubts, but mark the end, and if I don't produce every character, incident, embarrass, discovery, surprise, if my plot is not regular, my denouement natural, and my catastrophe affecting, if my sentiments are not strong and my similies striking, lock me from pen and ink for ever.

PROJECT.

You promise much.

FUSTIAN.

Nay more, not a groan nor a grumble, nor a twist nor a twine, not a stab nor a start, not a reel nor a rant, but my Prince shall produce in the progress of the piece---but come be seated---(*they sit*) I've dressed one of the scene shifters as Tribus the confidant; and as the first scene of a tragedy is from the banging of doors, the rustling of silks and the mediocrity of the performers seldom attended to, and contains indeed little more than a map of the country where the poetical magic has

has convey'd us with an account of the King, the Queen;
and the rest of the house, you will not grudge giving
that up.

PROJECT.

No, no not, I assure you.

FUSTIAN.

Well then let's have a Royal chamber (*scene draws
up*) and now, enter Golcondus and Tribus, *meeting*.

GOLCONDUS.

Welcome, thou bosom partner of my soul,
Let me repose within thy faithful breast
The anguish that torments me;
'Twas on the fatal day that Crontes
Join'd in wedlock with Dardella,
At early dawn I sought the wood's recess,
There musing mop'd the lazy minutes march'd,
With slow and solemn pace, when to my view;
A radiant form appear'd; divinely bright!
'Twas Lindamira's self, my friend; in all
Her heaven of beauty,
Think'st thou the Matchless maid will hear
My vows,
Think'st thou the King will e'er refuse her
To me,
Oh! oh! I cannot bear the thought?

FUSTIAN.

Now then for Lindamira,

Enter LINDAMIRA (with train and Page.)

GOLCONDUS.

But soft ye now, for Lindamira comes;
Oh! cruel maid, if ever faithful lover (*kneels*)
Doated like me, if ever--Oh! by all (*she raises him*)
And dost thou yield---she does---she does
Ye waters gently glide---winds catch

The

The sound-----

Oh! thou enchanting fair!

Stars fall from heaven, suns forget to rise

And Chaos come, when Lindamira dies;

(Leads her off)

FUSTIAN.

Here ends the act.

PROJECT.

Its very short.

FUSTIAN.

True but every thing is done the dramatic laws require---you are introduced to the characters---the plot unfolds---and there is the appearance of a happy catastrophe.

PROJECT.

True.

FUSTIAN.

Now the rules require that the next act must throw a rub in the way, so re-enter the Prince in deep reflection.

Enter GOLCONDUS (musing.)

How frail is man,

Perplex! surely the gods---(*trumpet*)

But hark, the sprightly trumpet speaks

The King's approach—down, down my heart.

Enter CRONTES (the King.)

Oh Royal Sir! (*kneels*) if e'er your suppliant slave
(Exit King)

How (*rises*) refused! darkness and Devils,
Down to hell allegiance.

Enter LINDAMIRA.

Oh my fair, art thou too witness of my dire disgrace

Say, can a father's harsh command

Controul? then thou ne'er lov'dst---

Cursed be the hours, the trees,

The

The sun, the sex and every thing
 But her, (*she faints*) Oh my rash tongue,
 Ah! see she faints, she faints (*supports her*) ah!
 She revives, revives, Oh extacy!
 And wilt thou seek with me some happier shore
 Where fathers, mothers, friends we'll meet no more
 The merchant thus at home a bankrupt made
 Seeks out another clime and drives another trade.
 (*Exit leading LINDAMIRA.*)

FUSTIAN.

Well how do you like the progress?

PROJECT.

Infinitely; you have given the rub, and the removal,
 but how do you mean to proceed?

FUSTIAN.

Most naturally—the Lovers are now, you are to suppose, to meet in the Palmy grove—you have a Palmy grove Mr. Project, ah!

PROJECT.

I'm afraid not; we have a cut wood—a—

FUSTIAN.

That will do, that will do, they are to meet I say in the Grove and prepared for flight, there we must raise a storm, sadden the scene, dash all their hopes, and deepen their distress.

PROJECT.

You've a world of business.

FUSTIAN.

Busy as bees—come d'ye hear, darken the stage, change the scene and then re-enter the HERO, first, as in duty bound.

SCENE

SCENE *changes to a Grove (stage darken'd)*

Enter GOLCONDUS.

Night, black brow'd night, queen of the *Ebon* wand,
Has o'er the world her sable mantle thrown,
While Philomela in melodious strains,
Sings her sad sorrows to the list'ning winds.

FUSTIAN.

These are lines Mr. Project.

PROJECT.

Poetical indeed.

FUSTIAN.

Fine, "to the list'ning winds."

GOLCONDUS.

The Starry host—

But hush, my soul, for Lindamira comes.—

Enter LINDAMIRA.

She comes,---welcome, my love! for thy
Approach, e'en time itself stood still.

FUSTIAN.

And here in compliance to time, the lovers stand still too, and in the midst of a sentimental conference on love, virtue, the moon and the seven stars, are surprized by the King's Guards.

Enter 4 GUARDS, (2 on each side) they seize both.

GOLCONDUS.

Dogs will you tear her from me,
Let loose your hold,
You must not, shall not part us,
My heart strings crack, my eye balls roll,
And quite deform the fashion of my soul!
So the first man from Paradise exil'd,
With fond reluctance veils the blooming wild;
Robb'd

Robb'd of the dear companion of his flight,
To all his former pleasures bids a long good night,
Love—death—destruction—fire—water—
Oh! farewell for ever.

(Both forced off on contrary sides)

Scene THE PALACE. *(Lamps up)*

A shout---flourish of Trumpets--then enter the Prince.

GOLCONDUS. *(speaks as entering)*

Thank ye, my friends, thank ye my
Fellow subjects, for ye have given me liberty,
Ye have given life; but what is life
Without my Lindamira? but see---
By heavens she comes,
'Tis 'tis she! and we shall still 'be happy.

Enter LINDAMIRA *(weeping, her hair dishevelled, &c.)*

What means that bosom's heaving,
Why bursts those tears, speak Lindamira!
Destruction, no, he could not, durst not,
Marry thee, force thee to be another's,
Oh my sad soul! what means that haggard eye,
That drooping lip *(she whispers him)* ah! poison'd
Say'st thou?
Is it so, ah see she dies, she dies--*(Lindamira falls)*
She's dead---
Well, well, well, what, what then becomes of me;
Oh! I will follow my advent'rous love *(Trumpet)*
But hark the King--

Enter CRONTES and TRIBUS.

I'll like a serpent steal into his bosom,
And sting him home--*(stabs the King with his fist)*
This for myself, *(stabs himself also with his fist)*
This too is well, *(Tribus offers to stab himself)*
Tribus, I charge thee live,
Oh! If humanity can touch thy breast,
Entomb'd with Lindamira let me rest;
Tell my sad tale that all the world may weep

I'm

I'm very sick, one kiss (*hisses Lindamira*) good
 night I'm fast asleep. (*Dies*)
 (*Tribus falls after supporting him, as dead also.*)

FUSTIAN.

Is it not marvellously mournful ?

PROJECT.

But where is the application, Mr. Fustian, who gives
 the moral ?

FUSTIAN.

Why, as all the characters (for you are to suppose
 Tribus, to have died of a broken heart,) are tongued
 by death, I intend to clap the moral into the Epi-
 logue, which may be given according to the custom of
 the stage, by the deceased Prince, come will your
 highness condesend to rise up, and give us the finish-
 ing stroke with dignity and deliberation.

GOLCONDUS. (*rises*)

Let cruel parents learn from woes like these,
 To wed their daughters where their daughters
 please. (*Exit Golcondus*)

PROJECT.

Ay marry that is wholesome advise, and I dare say
 will be universally follow'd, at least be much admired
 by the ladies.

FUSTIAN.

Ay-ay-Mr. Project, my plays will not only mend the
 stage, but the whole world, but I've not half done,
 hitherto I have only bounc'd in the buskin, now see
 how genteely, I slide into the sock, my comedy is-----
 (*taking out papers*)

PROJECT.

Oh 'twill fatigue you too much, besides 'tis my hour
 of dining, if you'll communicate over a bottle.----

FUSTIAN.

With pleasure,
 To this one mark, all my ambition tends,
 When here to please the town, at home my friends.
Exeunt.

N. B. When this piece was first acted by Mr. Foote with paste-board figures, it entirely failed in the effect, but with *Performers* ridiculously pompons, and in fierce whisker'd high tragedy, the effect of the dumb actors, was truly comic, and received unbounded Applause.

“ Vide Wilkinson's Wandering Patente.”

FATHER AND I.

MOTHER were dead and sister were married,
 And nobody at home but *Father* and *I*,
 So I thought before I longer tarried,
 To get a good Wife my fortune I'd try ;
 But I swore she the model should be of my mother,
 For never was a better wife under the sky,
 So we mounted our Nags to find such another,
 And set out a courting *Father* and *I*.

Farmer Chaff have a daughter that's famous for breeding,

That do dance and do play, an do sing an do write,
 But she ne'er would talk, she were always a reading,
 'Bout ravishments, devils and *Ghostes* in white ;
 Zounds Girl says I, at that fun you wont find I, a good
 one,

At other guests fish you must fry,
 For the wife for my money must make a good pudding,
 So I wish you a good morning *Father* and *I*.

But lord Farmers daughters be as bad as their betters,
 For prudence and decencys left in the lurch,
 They paint faces and pictures, write stories and letters,
 And look like *Ghostes* standing up in a church ;
 Instead

Instead of staying at whome, shirts and table-cloths
darning,

Or pickling of cabbage or making a pie,
All the Clodpoles are standing *astone'd* at their larning,
Sad wives for the *loikes* of *Father* and *I*.

As to *Lunnon* to manage like other folk scorning,
They sit down to breakfast, when we went to sup,
At midnight they din'd, they sup'd in the morning,
And where going to bed, at the time we got up ;
Then so poor (but lord that I'd no heart to make fun
on,)

They couldn't afford any covering to buy,
So shivering with cold we the girls left in *Lunnon*,
And came back to Country *Father* and *I*.

So just as we didn't know what to be a'ter,
Odds wounds cried *Father* a neighbour O'mine,
Died a twelve month ago, left a sister and daughter,
And they both can milk cows an make gooseberry
wine;

On to see 'em we went, this fell out on a Sunday,
Na look'd shilly, shally, or foolish, or shy,
The licence we bought on the very next Monday,
They were both of them married to *Father* and *I*.—

THE UNITED ENGLISHMEN ;

OR,

EVERY MAN A VOLUNTEER.

SUNG BY MR. MEADOWS, THEATRES, RICHMOND, WHITBY,
RIPON, &c.

Tune. " Good Queen Bess."

IN times like these, pop, cut and slash, this monstrous
fighting age, Sir,
When Shoulder, fire and face about, is every where
the rage, Sir,

When

When Britons arm in Britain's cause, what foes can
make us fear, Sir,

And where's the lads more loyal than our British
Volunteers, Sir ;

Then merry be the lads who fight for Commons, *King*
and Peers, Sir,

And may prosperity attend our British Volunteers,
Sir.

Tho' not alike in *shape* or *size*, our *sentiments* agree,
Sir,

Should Frenchmen doubt our patriot zeal e'en let
them come and see, Sir,

And tho' were sometimes Strangely group'd, yet who
will this oppose Sir,

That if we are not *match'd* ourselves, we well can
match our foes, Sir ;

Then merry be the lads &c.

We've Bankers, lawyers, doctors, grocers, shoemakers
and bakers, Sir,

We've taylors, hosiers, glovers, smiths and likewise
undertakers, Sir,

And many more whose praise aloud shall Britons chear-
ful Sing, Sir,

Who stand protectors of their wives, their children
and their *King*, Sir ;

Then merry be the lads &c.

The Lawyer folks should lead the *van*, for not to speak
too large, Sir,

All know, who've seen the lawyers bill, they're not
affraid to *charge*, Sir,

I'm sure in each engagement they wou'd ever foremost
be, Sir,

And twenty actions in a day would suit them to a
T---, Sir ;

Then merry be the lads &c.

The Doctors they will prime them well, with powder,
ball and pill, Sir,

And

And well they know that eight in ten, they're always
 sure to kill, Sir,
 Two mortars they will keep well charged, with such
 things as they know best,
 Will draft them off for t'other world and send them
 quietly to rest ;
 Then merry be the lads &c.

We've *bakers* who would ring a peal, till foes cry'd fire
 and faggots, Sir,
 And *cheesemongers* those mighty men, would make
 them skip like maggots, Sir,
 Our *taylors* would their Jackets trim ; our *barbers*
 bring their poles out,
 Our *shoemakers* would peg and strap, and knock
 their very soles out ;
 Then merry be the lads &c.

Then when we drink, be this our toast, may England
 long be free, Sir,
 And ever in the glorious cause, her sons united be,
 Sir,
 May he who wou'd break the social band, that links us
 to each other, Sir,
 Be banish'd from Old Englands shore, and forc'd to
 seek another, Sir ;
 And merry be the lads &c.

CAPTAIN WATTLE AND MISS ROE. (*Dibdin.*)

SUNG BY MR. DAVIS, THEATRES, RICHMOND & WHITBY.

DID you ever hear of Captain Wattle?
 He was all for love, and a little for the bottle ;
 We know not tho' pains we have ta'en to enquire,
 If gunpowder he invented, or the Thames set on fire ;
 If to him was the centre of gravity known,
 The longitude, or the philosopher's stone ;
 Or whether he studied from Bacon or Boyle,
 Copernicus, Locke, Katerfelto, or Hoyle :

But

But this we have learn'd, with great labour and pain,
That he lov'd Miss Roe, and she lov'd him again.

Then sweet Miss Roe, none ever look'd fiercer,
She had but one eye, but that was a piercer;
We know not for certainty her education,
If she wrote, mended stockings, or settled the nation;
At cards if she lik'd whist, and swabbers or voles,
Or at dinner lov'd pig or a steak on the coals,
Whether most of the Sappho she was or Thalestris,
Or if dancing was taught her by Hopkins or Vestris;
But for your satisfaction this good news we obtain,
That she lov'd Captain Wattle and he lov'd her
again.

When wedded he became lord and master depend on't;
He had but one leg, but he'd a foot at the end on't;
Which of government when she would fain hold the
bridle,

He took special caution should never be idle,
So like most marry'd folks, 'twas my plague, and my
chicken,
And sometimes a kissing and sometimes a kicking,
Then for comfort a cordial she'd now and then try,
Alternately binging or piping her eye,
And these facts of this couple the history contain,
For when he kick'd Miss Roe she kick'd him again.

A COMIC POETIC BAGATELLE

CALLED

CUNNING ISAAC'S ESCAPE,
FROM THE DUENNA. (O'Keeffe.)

AS RECITED AND SUNG BY Mr. WRIGHT, THEATRES,
WHITBY, RIPON, &c.

BEFORE you behold debonair free and gay,
A Beau just from Spain from his wife run away,

No.

No slim Macaroni---the ladies to teaze,
 But Isaac, a cunning smart and sharp Portuguese;
 By art and *age* trick'd my fortune for life,
 Was a termagent scold, in the shape of a wife,
 Ill fashion'd, Ill natured, Ill featured and old,
 With neither health, wit, understanding or gold.
 From my bargain I therefore with haste made escape,
 And thro' Seville most manfully cried out a rape,
 At my heels came my harriidan roaring aloud,
 On each side beset by the gigling croud:
 To the sea side she came for her dear husband calling,
 With tough lungs of leather like Cerberus bawling;
 She held by my cloak, which I shrewdly perceiving,
 And assured were she drown'd 'twould not cause any
 grieving,
 So away slipt my garment, the waves quickly caught
 her,
 Like a porpus I left her to flounce in the water,
 Thence how she escaped, whether now out or now in,
 Among friends---her dear Isaac regards not a pin;
 On Shipboard I got, we quick hoisted all sail,
 While old Margaret perhaps might be food for a whale;
 To the tit bit he's welcome, for me there's no question,
 And I heartily wish him a happy degestion;
 Most kind were the breezes which brought to this
 shore,
 Cunning Isaac, who ne'er thinks of leaving it more;
 Tho' my troubles since landing surpass all belief,
 Yet I've prov'd altogether a smart little thief;
 Thro' St. Pauls windy church yard 'midst uproar and
 pothor,
 Cries a voice "Penknives, vatches, shoe strings" 'twas
 my brother:
 With surprize somewhat struck, with vexation much
 more,
 For we ne'er own relations who chance to be poor;
 I wink'd slyly to him, he follow'd the beck,
 And was close at my heels, with his shop round his
 neck;
 He told me with tears of many sad failures,

He

He had met with on shipboard by trade with the sailors,

To whom he sold *vatches* at prices quite low,
Most excellent work with no fault but 'twont go;
His tricks once detected, to a mummy they beat him,
Nay the Tars once like Savages threaten'd to eat him;
In a hog'shead of vinegar steep the old smouch,
For with mustard they swore he'd make excellent
souse.

Thus basted and pickled, to London he came,
With the loss of his trinkets, half blind and half lame:
But this tale of my brother has led me astray,
I'll return to what further I met in my way;
In a street as I pass'd the rabble came running,
Where a pick-pocket newly had practis'd his cunning;
I waddled away lest their rage I should meet,
And with squeezes and bumps made my way through
the street;

O'er a wheelbarrow handle in my terror I stumbled,
And into the channel head forwards I tumbled:
The thief made his escape, stop thief still was the roar,
When that I was the thief a fat fishwoman swore;
As the circle around me grew bigger and bigger,
'Tis amazing what jests they bestow'd on my figure:
A Vintner half bursting declared 'twou'd be fun,
To place me like Bacchus, astride of a tun,
And if I were hung at his door as a sign,
He should get more by me than he could by his wine;
Then a whole group of 'Prentices (impudent cubs,)
Vow'd like nothing I look'd, but a foul knave of clubs;
Still that I was the thief they all ventured to swear,
And were going to take me before the Lord Mayor:
By good luck at last I wip'd off the aspersion,
But the dirt still stuck close, for the rabble's diversion,
So vow'd thro' the streets no longer I'd roam,
And a kind Hackney-Coach convey'd me safe home:
Then I dress'd me in haste my respects to pay here,
For you know in that pickle I cou'd not appear;
That my person is handsome you'll make no denial,
Tho' my impudent wife said 'twas like a base viol;

My round belly was swell'd with a dropsy she said,
 And my countenance look'd like a sick Baboon's head ;
 There's a wife for a gentleman, and what is still worse,
 To make up for't she brought not a sous in her purse ;
 Had she not wanted coin, lack of charms had ne'er
 teaz'd me,
 Tho her looks might have frightened, her gold would
 have pleased me :
 Her features tho' furrow'd, like Hebe's had shone,
 And her dead eyes prov'd sparklers as bright as my
 own ;
 But lest her description should keep you too long,
 I'll give what remains, with your leave, in a song.

S O N G.

Tune " Ballance a Straw."

To describe poor old Marg'ret how easy the task,
 When her likeness you see in a frightful old mask,
 But lest you should think me a whimsical man,
 I'll paint you her features as well as I can ;
 Thank fortune she's gone, and again I am free,
 To coquet and make love, if the ladies like me.
 Thank fortune &c.

Her visage was swarthy—a dull dingy tint,
 And her small ferret eyes, did most lovingly squint,
 And they bore ('stead of matching) a different hue,
 For one peeper was black and the other was blue ;
 Thank fortune &c.

All freckled her neck, like a stale turkey egg,
 And six inches too short was her pretty right leg,
 Then her mouth was so damag'd, with comfits and
 plumbs,
 Like bad tenants, her teeth ran away from her gums ;
 Thank fortune &c.

Survey me then, fair ones, how smart I appear,
 Bid away for the lot, I'm my own Auctioneer,

Little

Little Isaac just landed on England's fair coast,
 A going—a going—to her that bids most;
 Bid away then with spirit, you quickly shall see,
 How grateful I'll prove if the ladies like me:
 Bid away then with spirit &c.

JOHN BULL AND BUONAPARTE.

A New Comic Song. (Stuart.)

GOOD People all I pray give ear, while I provoke
 your mirth, Sir,
 About Rawhead and bloody bones, a Corsican by
 birth, Sir,
 Who scolded till old Women roar'd, and bitterly did
 groan, Sir,
 And all the Children cried so loud, 'twould melt a
 heart of Stone, Sir;
 Bow, Wow, Wow, &c.

Says blustering Buoni's Citizens, Old England is an
 Isle, Sir,
 Whose wealth surpasseth all the world, so take and
 share its spoil, Sir,
 Cries John "it is an Isle indeed, but not so easy taken,"
 For should you venture for our *Beef*, take care of
 your own *Bacon*;
 Bow, Wow, &c.

These barbarians of the North, these Gormandizing
 sinners,
 Who splutter Loyalty so pat, at Corporation dinners,
 Whose only Arms are Knives and Forks,---cries John
 "that I deny, Sir,"
 We handle Broad-sword's just as well,---all Egypt
 proves you lie, Sir;
 Bow, Wow, &c.

Some

Some foggy night we'll take a trip---says John this here
the case is,

'Twill be a foggy night to you, if here you show
your faces,

For Britain's Sun disdains to shine, on Villainous en-
deavour,

And should you trust your carcass here, good night
to it for ever;

Bow Wow, &c.

The Devil in a Fog some night, shall ferry us all over--

Why yes, says John, "you know its only twenty miles
from Dover,"

Your wives and daughters squall in Chorus, save us
all from Plunder;

But first, says John, a rougher Chorus comes in Brit-
ish Thunder.

Bow Wow, &c.

Those lazy sons of Freedom, who eat and drink and
quaff, Sir,

And kill themselves they know not why, unless to
make us laugh, Sir,

'Attack'em by their fire sides, says John "why don't
you know, Sir,"

"When Britons Fire side by side, 'tis fatal to the
foe, Sir;"

Bow Wow, &c.

And pray, says John, with all Politeness, 'dout you
think I'm right, Sir,

Your boasted French Invasion, is nothing but a bite,
Sir,

For e'er your Lanthorn Jaws shall bite, at English
Beef—you must, Sir,

Expect a few bold British boys, to make you bite
the dust, Sir;

Bow Wow, &c.

Then boast no more but come at once, and fix an
early day, Sir,

We've some few thousand Hearts of Oak, all eager
for the fray, Sir,

Who never yet were known to turn, their backs on
friends or foes, Sir,

But ever faithful to their King, his Enemies oppose,
Sir;

Bow Wow, &c.

LITTLE JOE,

THE CHIMNEY SWEEP. (*Oulton.*)

SUNG BY MR. BENNETT, THEATRE, KENDAL.

THEY call me Little Joe, Sir,
A Chimney sweep am I,
And tho I'm reckon'd low, Sir,
I'm always mounting high;
My hands do clearly shew, Sir,
That dirty work's my trade,
But how much cash you know, Sir,
Is thus in London made;
By those who deal in smoke,
As I do every day,
Their sweeping never choak,
They scrape and brush away;
'Twixt me and Gentle-folk, Sir,
The difference to be seen,
Is, they without a Joke, Sir,
Do dirty work more clean.

Some cry how black my face is,
But Joe cares not a rush,
I'm fairer than some graces,
'Cause never seen to blush;

My

My dirt in the right place is,
 More clean than others still,
 A black *face* ne'er disgraces,
 A black heart always will;
 For those who deal in smoke, &c.

My littleness conduces,
 Your chambers clean to keep,
 You seldom think what use is,
 Poor Joe the chimney sweep;
 Tho humble in my fare, Sir,
 Yet I'm content d'ye see,
 My mind is free from care, Sir,
 And that's enough for me;
 For those who deal in smoke, &c.

Pray is it not uncivil,
 For Artists as you know,
 That when they draw a devil,
 They make him like *Poor Joe*;
 While others prone to evil,
 As imps would better strike,
 For as I never live Ill,
 I can't be devil like;
 'Tis they who deal in smoke, &c!

FOUR AND TWENTY

LORD MAYOR'S SHOWS.

SUNG BY Mr. DUNNING, THEATRE, KENDAL.

FOUR and twenty Lord Mayor's Shows all of a row,
 Four and twenty Lord Mayor's Shows all of a row,
 There was the man in armour, the twelve companies,
 sword bearer and common hunt, all in a bustle, with
 flags, banners, gowns, chains and periwigs, pretty girls
 perch'd

perch'd in the windows and dress'd so proud, to talk
so loud, above the croud, down below,

It was to see my Lord Mayor's Show,
Therefore they wou'd be merry.

Four and twenty Aldermen all in a row,
Four and twenty Aldermen all in a row,

There was pray Mr. Alderman what time do you go to
the ceremony, have you got ever another ticket for the
ball, there'll be me and Mrs. Marrowfat, Miss Marrow-
fat and Master Marrowfat, and my daughter's to dance
a minuet with the Man in armour, &c.

Four and twenty Serjeants all in a row,
Four and twenty Serjeants all in a row,

Make way there—that gentleman in the black gown
belongs to the law, “so do I Sir; we lawyers are men
of consequence,” very true, but the devil will have you
at last, pray Mr. Alderman &c.

Four and twenty Pickpockets all of a row,
Four and twenty Pickpockets all of a row,

There they were at it with Fobs, watches and
pocket books, stop that man he looks like a rogue,
“take care of your pocket's” that Gentleman in the
black gown &c.

Four and twenty Tailors all in a row,
Four and twenty Tailors all in a row,

And there was a stitch in time saves nine, nine
tailors make a man, nine men may undo a tailor, and
tailors are obliged to look very hard at crossstitch, back
stitch, button-holes, fobs, watches and pocket-books,
&c.

Four and twenty Ladies all on a row,
Four and twenty Ladies all on a row,

There

There was pray Ma'am what colour'd wig do you wear at the show? "that depends on the weather ma'am, *as my husband's in the military perhaps I shall wear a light bob*,— what do you think of a scratch? rather be excused there ma'am I thank you, in that way you're at home to a hair, besides you know ma'am a stitch in time saves nine, &c.

Four and twenty Daggerwoods ^{et} all of a row,
Four and twenty Daggerwoods all of a row,

There was Mrs. Dorinda Daggerwood, Master Apollo Daggerwood, and all the little Daggerwoods, headed by Sylvester Dionysius Apollo Daggerwood, of the Dunstable company, whose benefit is fix'd for the 11th. of June, being by particular desire of several persons of distinction, then the unbounded liberality of his friends will never be forgotten, while memory holds a seat in this delighted brain, brilliant boxes,---power full pit,---thundering gallery, and then for applause every thing went off swimmingly with pray ma'am what colour'd wig do you wear at the show? "Lord Ma'am that depends on the weather, as my husband's in the Military perhaps I shall wear a light bob; what do you think of a scratch?--- rather be excused there Ma'am I thank you, in that way you're at home to a hair, besides you know Ma'am a stitch in time saves nine--- nine tailors make a man, nine men may undo a tailor, and tailors are obliged to look very hard at cross-stitch, back-stitch, button-holes, fobs, watches and pocket-books, stop that man he looks like a rogue, take care of your pockets, that there Gemmen in the black gown belongs to the law— So I do Sir— we Lawyers are men of consequence— very true but the devil will have you at last; pray Mr. Alderman what time do you go to the ceremony? have you got ever another ticket for the ball? there'l be me and my dear Mrs. Marrowfat, Miss Marrowfat and Master Marrowfat, and do you know my daughter's to dance a Minuet with the Man in Armour, the twelve Companies, sword bearer, and Common Hunt, all in a bustle, with flags—
banners

banners—gowns—chains and periwigs, pretty girls
perch'd in the windows, and dress'd so proud to talk
so loud, above the croud, down below,

Because it was my Lord Mayor's Show,
Therefore let all be merry.

A COMIC SATIRIC BAGATELLE

CALLED

J O E S N I P,

(*The Tailor's*) Soliloquy. (Harrison.)

AS RECITED BY MR. MEADOWS, THEATRE, KENDAL.

“**T**O be, or not to be”—a Tailor—that is the question, shall I, who feel myself a man; yes every inch a man, have but one ninth of my just claim allowed. Forbid it heaven—I am a *man* and a *man* of consequence too, for no man is a man without me, even Kings would be *Sans Culottes*, if I turned traitor, and refused to make them breeches; and who would reverence their bench of Judges, and their bench of Bishops, if I did not manufacture furred gowns and lawn sleeves. Yes law, divinity and even physic too, all stand indebted to me for their importance, I am therefore not only a *man* but a man of importance, what would our Sailors do, those brave fellows to whom we chiefly owe the safety of our country itself, without jackets and trowsers? Why they would be as bare bottomed as so many Mounseers—the Soldiers too, they would cut a very pretty figure to be sure without me, why zounds, its enough to make a man swear, but as I am a man, dam’ me what is it makes the Soldier in the eyes of the women look so handsome, but the scarlet cloth, the blue and buff in which I dress them, the gold lace, and the worsted lace, the gold epaulets, and the worsted epaulets, with
which

which I trim the most valiant Dogs in the world; a tailor then is not only a *man* but a man of valour, since he trims them all— if a *nan* has no credit with his Tailor he has none elsewhere, nobody will speak to Genius cloathed with Rags in the street, but let me have the dressing of the vilest rascal in the universe and see if he is not welcomed like a prince in every fashionable circle; is it not dress makes the gentleman? Is it not me that regulates the fashions? I therefore must be a gentleman as well as a man of fashion, can any man who is not well clothed by me, cleath the best story in the world so as to be reckoned wit, in a polite company, and will not the most thread bare joke (even from Joe Miller) utter'd by one whom I have thus qualified convulse the very same circle with laughter. I am therefore the maker of wit, and of course must be a man of wit, shall I then, who can do all these great things, be cast off and despised like an old garment the instant I quit my shop-board? shall I who am not only a *man* but a man of *consequence*, not only a man of consequence but a man of importance, not only a man of importance but a man of valour, not only a man of valour but a gentleman, not only a gentleman but a man of wit, be bawled after by every shabby ragged rascal, whenever I fetch a walk with my dear Mrs. Snip, my daughter Dolly, or some favourite Girl— look there he goes— there goes Snip the Tailor, the ninth part of a man, and when I mount my nag to take the dust in Hyde-Park like my customers, to see every one turn finger post and hear them cry “ Twig the Tailor riding to Brentford,” while a wag slyly contrives to make a slip of paper resembling a measure dangle from my pocket, shall I who know so well how to live, and how to live well too, be thus made weary of my life, nay even of my livelihood, by a set of ragamuffins, poets and philosophers prate that a bare bodkin will *quiete* us a bare breach I was going to say, it might quiet us, but would it *quiete* the Devil? no, he I am told will not be cheated out of his own like a poor Tailor by his bad customers, and I should chuse since I am obliged

obliged to give long credit to have as long allowed me as possible, they may talk of shuffling of life, but I had rather shuffle through life, conscience they say makes cowards of us all, but a Tailor has no conscience ergo a Tailor is no coward, shall I then who am a man of so many functions, submit to be thus treated, without reply— no if they could cut me as small as pickled cabbage— roast me like a goose, slice me like my favourite cucumber, or send me to hell itself I will speak while I am a man, the world shall hear of my ill usage, and if I do not meet with more respect every mother's son shall be reduced to their primitive state, or I will make them all pay swingingly for every article they get from me, and thus in my turn, laugh in my sleeve. Dam' me who's afraid (*going returns.*)

“Yes faith I am, yet hope 'tis without cause,
My fear is not receiving your applause.”

BILLY WHIPSTITCH; THE TAILOR'S RAMBLE.

AS RECITED BY Mr. MEADOWS, THEATRE, RICHMOND.

A London Tailor as 'tis said,
By buckram, canvas, tape and thread,
Sleeve-linings, pockets, silk and twist,
And all the long expensive list,
With which their uncouth bills abound,
Tho' rarely in the garments found;
By these and other arts in trade,
Had soon a pretty fortune made,
And did what few had ever done,
Left thirty thousand to his son;

The son a gay young swaggering blade,
Abhor'd the very name of trade,
And lest reflection should be thrown,
On him, resolved to leave the town,
And travel where he was not known. }

In

In splendid coach and Liveries gay,
 To *Oxford* first he took his way;
 There Belles and Beaux his taste admire,
 His equipage and rich attire;
 But nothing was so much ador'd
 As his fine silver-hilted sword;
 Tho' very small, 'twas vastly neat;
 The sight was deem'd a perfect treat.
 Beau Banter begg'd to have a look,
 But when the sword in hand he took,
 He swore by Gad, it was an odd thing,
 And look'd just like a tailor's bodkin.
 His pride was hurt by this expression,
 Thinking they knew his dad's profession;
 Sheathing his sword he sneak'd away,
 And drove for *Glo'ster* that same day.
 There soon he found fresh cause for grief,
 For, dining on some fine roast beef,
 One ask'd "pray which did he prefer,
 Some *cabbage* or a *cucumber*."
 The purse-proud coxcomb took the hint,
 Thought it severe reflection meant;
 His stomach turn'd he could not eat,
 So made an ungentle retreat:
 Next day left *Glo'ster* in great wrath,
 And bid his coachman drive to *Bath*.
 There he suspected fresh abuse,
 Because the dinner was *roast-goose*;
 And that he might no more be jeer'd,
 Next day to *Exeter* he steer'd;
 There with some bucks he drank about,
 Until he fear'd they'd found him out:
 His glass not fill'd, as was the rule,
 They said 'twas not a *thimble* full:
 The name of *thimble* was enough,
 He paid his reck'ning and went off.
 He then to *Plymouth* took a trip,
 And put up at the royal ship,
 Which then was kept by Caleb Snip. }
 The host by name was often call'd,

At which his guest was so much gall'd,
 That soon to *Cambridge* he remov'd;
 There too he unsuccessful prov'd:
 For tho' he fill'd his glass or cup,
 He did not always drink it up.
 The *Cantabs* mark'd how he behav'd,
 And said a *remnant* should be sav'd,
 The name of *remnant* gall'd him so,
 That he resolv'd for *York* to go:
 There fill'd his bumper to the top,
 And always fairly drank it up:
 Well done, (says Jack, a buck of York,)
 You go thro' *stitch*, Sir, with your work.
 The name of *stitch* was such reproach,
 He rang the bell and call'd his coach.
 But, ere he went, inquiries made,
 By what means they found out his trade:
 You put the cap on, and it fits,
 Reply'd one of the Yorkshire wits.
 Our words, in common acceptation,
 Could not find out your occupation;
 'Twas you yourself gave us the clue,
 To find out both your trade and you.
 Vain coxcombs and fantastic beaux,
 In every place themselves expose;
 They travel far at vast expence,
 To show their wealth and want of sense:
 But take this for a standing rule,
There's no disguise can screen a fool.

BUY MY MATCHES;

A Comic Song.

IN CHARACTER OF AN OLD MATCH WOMAN.

BUY my matches ye maids, I have matches for all,
 I've a match for the little, the lusty, and tall,

All

All my matches are pointed, my brimstone is good,
 And I know very well, how to splinter my wood ;
 Buy my matches ye maids, I have matches for all,
 I've a match for the little, the lusty, and tall.

Dame fortune who matches, the young and the old,
 Gives you *brimstone* enough, when you're match'd
 to a scold,

If your matches are made, as I fancy they be,
 You have met with your match before you met me ;
 Buy my matches &c.

There's the Doctor so nice; and the Lawyer so wise,
 They're a match for you all, none can match them
 for lies,

Beware of them both, be they ever so civil,
 For a Lawyer you know, is a match for the devil ;
 Buy my matches &c.

There's Duncan the brave, was a match for the Dutch,
 Heaven send that again, he could give them a touch,
 And teach them in future, that Englishmen will,
 Prove a match for them all, and defy all their skill ;
 Buy my matches &c.

Heaven bless our good King, and bold Clarence his son,
 And each true British tar, that's a match for the Don,
 May they conquer and live is the prayer from my birth,
 That old England may match all the nations on earth ;
 Buy my matches &c.

THE COUNTRY CLUB. (*Dibdin.*)

SUNG BY MR. BUTLER, THEATRE, HARROGATE.

NOW we're all here met together,
 In spite of wind and weather,
 To moisten well our clay:

Before

Before we think of jogging,
Let's take a cheerful noggin—

Where's the waiter?—ring away,
Where's the glees and the catches,

The tobacco, pipes and matches,
And plenty of brown stout?—

Yet the glasses, e'er we start'em,
Let's proceed *secundum artem*,

Let the clerk all the names read out.—

Gentlemen of the Quizical Society, please to answer
to your names—Farmer Scroggins!—“why I be here”
— Doctor Horseleech!—“here”—Parson Paunch!—
“here”—Taylor Tit!—“why I be here up in the
corner,—don't you see me”?—Gentlemen are you all
assembled?—“All all all all”.

So here's to you Mr. Wiggins,
Here's to you Master Figgins,
So put the beer about.

Come tell us what the news is,

Who wins and who looses,

Of the times what do people say?

Hard, hard, the landlord racks us,

Then we've such a load of taxes,

Indeed! well, and how goes hay?

Why now there's Master Wiseman,

He told the exciseman,

That the cause of this pother and rout—

Order, order and sobriety!

The rules of this society,

Let the secretary read'em out :—

Every member of this society that spills his liquor in
his neighbour's pocket, shall forfeit *two-pence*.—Every
member of this society that sings his neighbour's wig
with his pipe, shall forfeit *two-pence*.—Every member
of this society that refuses to laugh at a good Joke shall
forfeit *two-pence*.—Every member of this society who
reproaches his neighbour with coming to distress by
unavoidable

unavoidable misfortunes, shall forfeit *two-pence*.—Mr. President I move that this forfeit be a shilling,—and I second the motion.—Are you all agreed?—I am unanimously—A noble resolution!—D'ye think so?

Why then here's to you, Mr. Higgins,
Here's to you, Mr. Wiggins,
So put the beer about.

And now the potent liquor,
Not even spares the vicar,
But in all their noddles mounts,
While among this set of queerers,
All talkers and no hearers,
Each his favourite tale recounts.
The *soldier* talks of battle,
The *grazier* sells his cattle,
Conversation to provoke;
'Till the juice of the barrel,
Begets some curious quarrel,
While the company's lost in smoke.

Upon my soul neighbour, I had no hand in the death of your wife,---it was only in the way of business---nay, but Doctor, it was *such* a curst unneighbourly thing of you---not that the woman was any *sitch* great things, only to put a body to *sitch* an expence.--“Why you don't tell me so!” killed fifteen with your own hand! fifteen by my laurels! D'ye hear that, Butcher? hear it, yes: but I'll lay an what he dares, he has not killed so many as I have by hundreds,---Powder my whiskers, I'll---come, come, Gentlemen, says the *bellows-maker*, no breezes!---Let me exhort you to temperance says the *parson*.---Amen, says the *clerk*.---Thats right says the *undertaker*, let us *bury* all animosity!---Now thats what I like, said the *fidler*, I like to see harmony restored---D'ye tho'? you like to see harmony restored,

Why then, here's to you, Mr. Higgins,
Here's to you, Mr. Wiggins,
So put the beer about.

WHO'S

WHO'S TO BLAME:

OR,

NO FOOL LIKE AN OLD ONE:

A FARCE,

IN

TWO ACTS,

BY

THOMAS MEADOWS.

(C H A R A C T E R S .)

COMMODORE WEATHERSAGE. - - -

ORMSBY. - - - - -

BELFORD. - - - - -

ROBIN. - - - - -

SWAB. - - - - -

LADY SIGHNONE. - - - -

FRIPPERY. - - - - -

CORNELIA SIGHNONE. - - -

SCENE, LONDON.

First Written in September, 1785; and taken from *Hitchcock's* Comedy, called *THE COQUET*, OR, *MISTAKES OF THE HEART*. Revised and altered, January 1800, by

T. MEADOWS.

SCENE I. A STREET.

Enter ORMSBY and BELFORD. R. H.

ORMSBY.

SO then it seems, Belford, your Uncle has very civilly dismiss'd you his house.

BELFORD.

Not so very civilly, I assure you.

ORMSBY.

Don't you think you deserved it? you know the old Commodore has spent the greater part of his life, in ploughing the Tempestuous Ocean, and tho' possessed of an excellent heart, has not the least idea of those refined sentiments, inspired by a liberal Education, you were certain that your whole dependance *was* upon him, yet refused flattering those harmless foibles which peculiarly mark his character.

BELFORD.

You mistake me, Ormsby, I ever did, but when he commenced my rival, my happiness was too much concerned to trifle any longer.

ORMSBY.

And has he declared his passion?

BELFORD.

No, but as a preparatory step, he has given Lady Sighnone (who is just returned to town with my dear Cornelia,) to understand that for the future she must not encourage my pretensions, as I have nothing to expect from him.

ORMSBY.

So your hopes are all over in that quarter?

BELFORD.

BELFORD.

Entirely! I called yesterday to welcome my sweet girl to London, and was refused admittance.

ORMSBY.

Indeed!

BELFORD.

True, and I am now reduced to such distress that unless you can assist me with your advice and—

ORMSBY.

Here's my hand, depend upon every exertion in my power to serve you.

BELFORD.

Words are too poor to thank you, but how shall we act? what can I do?

ORMSBY.

Faith I don't know, I believe as matters are, we had best work by stratagem; luckily I stand high in the estimation of your Uncle, as well as Lady Sighnone.

BELFORD.

You'll find him inexorable, and her—

ORMSBY.

Not proof against flattery---egad---I have it, suppose I attack Lady Sighnone myself, and persuade her that I am dying for love of her.

BELFORD.

No, no, that's impossible; 'twould be too ridiculous.

ORMSBY.

Ha! ha! ha! I can't help laughing at your ignorance of the sex; I'll lay my life there's nothing easier, attack Widows by storm and they can't resist you; besides

besides as she was in such a violent hurry to get a *second* husband it is but reasonable to suppose her still more impatient for a *third*.

BELFORD.

Well success attend you, but what do you propose by this romantic scheme.

ORMSBY.

To serve you---which I hope to do effectually before night, for the heart which does not participate in the distress of a friend is not worthy of existence.

Exit L. H.

SCENE II.

Middle Chamber.

COMMODORE WEATHERGAGE discovered on a Couch. SWAB (*an old Seaman*) as his Servant waiting. L. H.

COMMODORE.

Swab.

SWAB.

Here, your honour.

COMMODORE.

What sort of weather abroad?

SWAB.

A little hazy, your honour, the wind S. S. E.

COMMODORE.

D'ye think you cou'd take me under convoy, as far as Lady Sighnone's?---I've been overhauling the log book of my inclinations, and find the compass of my heart points to that port.

SWAB.

SWAB.

Never fear---splinter my grapplers, but I'll tow your honour as safe as ever a Monsieur was tow'd into a British port.

COMMODORE.

Bravo, my heart of Oak, on with your best rigging d'ye see, directly;---and then come and help me to rig myself out.

Enter ORMSBY. L. H.

Ha ! Ormsby, what chear boy ? how goes it ?

ORMSBY.

Very well I thank you, Commodore, and am glad to see you in such spirits.

COMMODORE.

Spirits, did you ever know a British Sailor's fail him? the gout to be sure has laid an embargo on my lower works, but my heart is as sound as a biscuit;---give me your hand, (to *Ormsby*) here, SWAB, help to heave me up; (*rises*) so, so,---now turn out---and prepare to set sail, d'ye see.

SWAB.

If Bet Mainsail my messmate's widow hail me this tide, what answer shall I give her?

COMMODORE.

Stow her well with right Nantz,---give her ten guineas to buy new rigging, and tell her, if she'll hoist the sign of Admiral Duncan, or Nelson, on Portsmouth Common, I'll take care to keep the land Sharks astern of her.

SWAB.

Bless your honour's glory, she shall have as much of
the good creature as she'll swig;--and snatch my
bowlings.

bowlings, if I don't tip her half a piece out of my own Locker,---for old acquaintance sake.

Exit L. H.

ORMSBY.

Your goodness I hope, Commodore, will excuse this intrusion, but presuming on the regard you always profess'd for me; I am now come to intercede in behalf of your Nephew.

COMMODORE.

Avast---Ormsby,---avast,---tack about, my Nephew; d'ye see, is a lazy land lubber; if he'd have kept in my wake I'd have made a man of him; and taught him to hand, reef and steer, with e'er a Seaman in the Navy.

ORMSBY (*smiling.*)

These are accomplishments, Commodore, not suitable to every man's taste and genius.

COMMODORE.

Then their taste is not worth a rope's end;---I myself, tho' a younger brother, made my own fortune, while his father was squandering away his; I was twice round the globe before I was forty:---in every birth from Cabin-boy to Commodore, and now having sufficient to lie by;---I am resolved to enjoy it, and ride in a smooth harbour all the rest of my days.

ORMSBY.

But, Commodore, tho' you were so fond of the Ocean and had such success, your Nephew may not have the same inclination, and you should make some allowance.

COMMODORE.

Damn me but I'll keep *him* on short allowance, if he has a mind to regain the wind of my affection, he must sheer off from the little frigate, he has so long kept in chace of, and let me fit him out for a voyage to the East Indies.

ORMSBY

ORMSBY.

And in his absence, I suppose, you intend addressing the young Lady yourself.

COMMODORE.

Right, I have some thoughts of bearing down for that port.

ORMSBY.

But, Commodore, I should think the great disparity of years between you and Miss Cornelia would deter you from---

COMMODORE.

Deter me; no, no, the more danger, the more honour, is a sailor's Motto; but mayhap you may think it strange, that after steering so long clear of a wife, I should all of a sudden veer about and clap the matrimonial tack aboard.

ORMSBY.

Why I own myself much surprized.

COMMODORE.

He that's long at Sea, will find the wind blow from every point of the Compass; so, d'ye see, being lately weather bound, in a trip I made to take observation of some land that lay a head of Lady Sighnone's, I was forced to put into port at her house.

ORMSBY.

Where you saw her beautiful daughter?

COMMODORE.

I did, and in the three glasses we staid there, she drew my heart with as strong an attraction, as ever the loadstone did the needle.

ORMSBY.

Have you communicated your sentiments to the mother?

COMMODORE.

COMMODORE.

No, not yet,--but I intend hailing her for that purpose directly.

ORMSBY.

Perhaps, Commodore, I can be of service to you in this affair.

COMMODORE.

As how, pray?

ORMSBY.

I am this moment going to pay my addresses to Lady Sighnone, and as I have every prospect of success, why I may---

COMMODORE.

What the old hulk---avast---hold off there---I'm afraid you're out of your reckoning; you don't know the trim of her, she'll never be brought to obey the helm; however, if the current of your inclination sets that way, I sha'n't attempt to stem it, tho' let me tell you, she saw her two former consorts go to the bottom, and if you don't take care you'll share the same fate.

ORMSBY.

I confess, Commodore, the prospect is terrible, but I'll venture, the more *danger*, the more *honour*, as you say, so if you'll suspend your visit,---I'll return as soon as the interview is over, and inform you of my success.

COMMODORE.

Well, well, I'll lie by till then, but may I never strike an Enemy's flag again, if I would not rather be raked fore and aft by a whole French Squadron than stand one broad-side from such a Turkish Pirate.

Exit COMMODORE. R. H.

ORMSBY. L. H.

SCENE

SCENE III.

*A Back Chamber.*LADY SIGHNONE (*discovered at her Toilette.*)

Where can this creature be---let me see (*looking in the Glass*) I think this complexion is the most agreeable to black; one can't be too nice in suiting the complexion to the dress.

Enter FRIPPERY. L. H.

Where have you been, Frippery, has that impudent fellow Belford been here to day?

FRIPPERY.

No Madam: the answer your ladyship gave him yesterday will *defer* him from coming any more.

LADY SIGHNONE.

I am very glad of it, an unmannerly rake-hell, not worth a shilling, to have the assurance to make love to a child before my face.

FRIPPERY.

'Twas *monstraceous* rude indeed, Ma'am, had he the sense to have paid his *congratulations* to your ladyship, he might have been excused.

LADY SIGHNONE.

True, Frippery, I could much sooner pass over an affront of that sort, offer'd to myself than her.

FRIPPERY.

That I am sure of; (*aside*) really, Ma'am, the *exquisite* charms of your Ladyship, would be a sufficient excuse for such an act of *unsensibility*.

LADY SIGHNONE.

Oh fie! Frippery, how can you talk in such a manner, what charms can a woman of *forty* be supposed to have?

FRIPPERY.

FRIPPERY.

Sixty would be nearer the mark: (*aside*) your Ladyship certainly mistakes your age.

LADY SIGHNONE.

How! mistake my age, why surely huzzy you don't---

FRIPPERY.

Yes, Ma'am, for by your looks I wou'd take my Bible Oath on any *book*, you were not above five and Twenty.

LADY SIGHNONE.

Oh! you flatter, Frippery, (*smiling*) tho' I believe I do look very well for my years.

FRIPPERY.

Years—O lud! my Lady, how can you talk so *abruptly*---as I'm a woman of veracity, your Ladyship only looks like Miss Cornelia's eldest sister.

LADY SIGHNONE.

Well---you're a merry girl, Frippery, and are always endeavouring to divert your poor disconsolate mistress; alas, my dear Sir Nicholas, has been dead above these three months, and no one has said a civil thing to me yet.

Enter ROBIN. L. H.

ROBIN.

Mr. Ormsby—to wait on your Ladyship.

LADY SIGHNONE.

Shew him up---bless me, what can be his business?

Enter ORMSBY. L. H.

ORMSBY.

Your Ladyship's most obedient, how shall I apologize for this intrusion?

LADY

LADY SIGHNONE.

O dear Sir, there's not, the least occasion; I think you are very kind thus to visit a poor distressed afflicted widow.

ORMSBY.

You are goodness itself, Madam, but I have waited on you now, my Lady, upon a very particular affair, which demands a few moments privacy.

LADY SIGHNONE.

Frippery, you may retire.

FRIPPERY.

Yes, my Lady; hem! but by virtue of my office I'll make bold to listen, so, my wise Sir, you might as well have let me staid.

Exit R, H, U, Entrance.

ORMSBY.

Now, Madam, that we're alone, can you forgive the folly---the presumption---the---call it what you please, which urged me on to make this rash attempt.

LADY SIGHNONE.

Upon my word, Sir, I can't comprehend you.

ORMSBY.

And yet, when you shall know how long I've sighed in secret, how long been tortured with despair,---before I dared pronounce the sacred name of Love---

LADY SIGHNONE.

Love, Sir?

ORMSBY.

Yes, Ma'am,---who could behold such beauty, and not adore?

LADY SIGHNONE.

So, So, another of Miss Cornelia's lovers,---but I'll soon silence him; (*aside*) really, Sir, this is language
I must

I must not suffer, 'tis highly improper for a child like mine to hear, these many years to come.

ORMSBY.

Child, Ma'am---is it possible you can so cruelly mistake my meaning?

LADY SIGHNONE.

Why, Sir, was not all this design'd for my daughter?

ORMSBY.

For Miss Cornelia---no, Madam, as your Ladyship's daughter she cannot fail of charms, but I must be blind indeed to offer up my vows to such a baby, 'tis you, my Lady, who are the blooming Goddess of my adoration;---Oh! how can I express the inconceivable torments of my breast, for these two years past, during Sir Nicholas's life, fearful of offending, my tongue was doomed to a painful silence, after his death respect still sealed my lips, till I found Mr. Belford frequented this house, and was, I fear'd, a favor'd lover; this made me resolve to discover my hopeless passion, wait his arrival here, and force (thro' a happy rival's bosom) my way to that heart which King's might be proud to call their own.

LADY SIGHNONE.

Hold Sir! you are in an error, 'twas not to me but to my daughter, his addresses were paid.

ORMSBY.

Pardon me, Madam, I cannot suppose Mr. Belford so insensible as to think of any other object when you are present.

LADY SIGHNONE.

Oh dear Sir, he has not half your discernment--(what a charming man he is.) (*aside.*)

ORMSBY.

My character and family, your Ladyship is no stranger to, my Estate is considerable, and if it be
not

not too great a presumption, give me leave to cast it and a heart unalterably devoted to you, thus at your feet.--- (*kneels.*)

LADY SIGHNONE.

O rise, dear Sir, you overwhelm me with confusion ; sure you cannot possibly find any thing so attracting in a face which constant grief has made such an impression on.

ORMSBY.

Hem,---now for a little more nonsense, (*aside*) Dear Widow, wrong not your beauty thus ;--throw off those weeds of sorrow, unveil your charms, and be array'd in robes more splendid, more becoming such divinity.

LADY SIGHNONE.

Impossible ;---I fear, Sir,-----

ORMSBY.

Impossible ;---Oh talk not thus, my lovely Widow
---Impossible!---

LADY SIGHNONE.

Almost, Sir, what will the world say of so hasty, so precipitate an act?

ORMSBY.

Nothing, but that I am the happiest of men,---consider, my dear Widow, enough have you sacrificed to sorrow ;---*three* months at least.

LADY SIGHNONE.

Oh, dear Sir, more---*sixteen* weeks tomorrow,---but what are sixteen weeks, sixteen months, or sixteen years, to mourn the loss of so good a man.

ORMSBY.

Come, my dear Widow, away with these melancholy reflections, the best remedy for a Lady's immoderate grief on the loss of a favourite, be it monkey---lap-dog, or husband, is to get another.

LADY

LADY SIGHNONE.

Indeed, Sir, I believe you are perfectly right; I remember once, I was utterly unconsolable on the death of a beautiful *parrot*, till the loss was supplied by an enchanting *owl*, which was presented me.

ORMSBY.

Then, my dear Widow, let me by the warmth of my passion, dry up your tears for Sir Nicholas.

LADY SIGHNONE.

Dear Sir, you are uncommonly persuading; well, to try your constancy, wait till my year of widowhood be expired, I don't know---perhaps I may be tempted to reward it--- (*languishing.*)

ORMSBY.

A year---Ma'am---an age---an eternity---for heaven's sake, my dear Lady, have some compassion, would you have me die at your feet?

LADY SIGHNONE.

No---dear Sir,---not for the world; rather than you should do that, I will shorten it---to---to half the time.

ORMSBY.

She soon drops, (*aside*) still, Madam, I find you are cruelly resolved not to make me happy, therefore hopeless and despairing let me bid you eternally farewell. (*going*)

LADY SIGHNONE.

Stay---dear Sir---stay,---what can I say,---I vow you are quite irresistible,---well--then, tho' overwhelmed with blushes, tomorrow I consent to be yours.

ORMSBY.

Retard not my joy so long---my angel---but let this night crown my happiness;---I see a kind consenting smile sparkle in your eye--and thus I thank you, (*kisses her, and turns off in disgust,*) Oh zounds, that was too much. (*aside.*)

LADY

LADY SIGHNONE.

Who can withstand such rhetoric---you have conquered, Sir, and I surrender at discretion.

ORMSBY.

And now, my dear lady, as our interests are to be as one, with your leave, I think I can assist you in disposing of Miss Cornelia.

LADY SIGHNONE.

You could not oblige me more, for poor child she seems in great haste to be married.

ORMSBY.

Not so much as her mother, I'll be sworn, (*aside*) I think, my lady, I could recommend one you could have no objection to;---Commodore Weathergag---your near neighbour in the country.

LADY SIGHNONE.

Commodore Weathergag! do you think that possible?

ORMSBY.

Nothing easier, he has been raving about her ever since he accidentally saw her at your house at Broomsgrove, (where you may remember he was obliged to take shelter during a storm,) and longs for an opportunity of declaring himself---nay more, he knows of my passion for you, and hopes this evening will unite both parties.

LADY SIGHNONE.

I'm sure I wou'd do any thing to oblige you, or secure her felicity.

ORMSBY.

The Commodore, Madam, is prodigiously in love, yet has many odd Whims, and like the element he belongs to, is very subject to change? therefore we had better make short work of it, and take him while he is in the humour, so (with your permission,) I'll step directly to my lawyer, and order him to prepare the

the deeds, then return with the Commodore,---mean-
time my lovely charmer, divest yourself of those beauty-
veiling weeds, relume the circle you were wont to
shine in, and prepare to bless the happiest mortal in the
world.

Exit L. H.

LADY SIGHNONE.

What a bewitching man---but I must set about making the necessary preparations immediately---well, who would have thought this morning, that I should have been a bride before night;—O lud, a third husband is a happiness I never expected.

Exit R. H.

Enter FRIPPERY. L. H. U. *Entrance.*

So, upon my word, a very tender scene, and quite *currycharistical*, when Miss and her old Sea Monster join them, they'll make a nice *trio*, but its *mortally* impossible all this can be real on his side, and if my old Lady was not so *intosticated* with her good fortune, she might easily find it out:—Oh! here comes Miss Cornelia, now we shall hear her *Sentences* of the matter.

Enter CORNELIA. R. H.

CORNELIA.

Frippery, what's the matter with my *Mamma*? I met her this moment in such unusual *Spirits*---and---

FRIPPERY.

Spirits---a third Husband is enough to put any woman turn'd of Sixty into *Spirits*,---tho' I'm almost half that age I have not got one yet.

CORNELIA.

What do you mean? Frippery.

FRIPPERY.

Mean---that your *Mamma's* going to be married to night.

CORNELIA.

To night?

E

FRIPPERY

FRIPPERY.

Yes, Miss---to night.

CORNELIA.

More shame for her.

FRIPPERY.

Aye---so say I.

CORNELIA.

I'm sure it would be fitter for her to get me a husband first.

FRIPPERY.

Oh! you are to be married at the same time.

CORNELIA.

Am I? I'm afraid that's too good news to be true,--but tell me sincerely, are not you joking now?

FRIPPERY.

Not I, upon my word.

CORNELIA.

Well! that's charming: only feel what a palpitation it has caused---for all the world, like the fluttering of my little Robin red-breast.

FRIPPERY.

Ay---my dear, I have often had such *frustrations*.

CORNELIA.

And does Mr. Belford know it?

FRIPPERY.

Mr. Belford,--Lord, Miss, he is not to be the man.

CORNELIA.

No---why, who then?

FRIPPERY.

Why, his uncle Commodore Weathergage, who, you remember, once visited us in the country.

CORNELIA

CORNELIA.

What that ugly old fright who I compared to King Priam, in the Puppet Shew?

FRIPPERY.

The very identical man, Miss.

CORNELIA.

Was there ever any thing so ridiculous? he my husband---it's a wonder, Frippery, she did not think of a dancing Bear for me---I'm sure he is much the more agreeable and polished of the two.

FRIPPERY.

Why indeed, Miss, I must needs say, that he is the most oddest, *amphibirous* looking creature I ever saw; but your Mamma's resolved to make you have him, or not a penny of fortune.

CORNELIA.

A Fig for Fortune, say I---before she should unite me to such a compound of Age and Infirmary, I'd boldly fly with the man of my heart, from splendid misery, to Love, Content, and a Cottage.

Enter ROBIN. R. H.

My Lady desires you, Mrs. Frippery, to go to her directly, for she wants you in all haste to help her to dress.

FRIPPERY.

So, she's in a hurry I find.

ROBIN.

Hurry, ecod--I believe she's possess'd; she has ordered us all to get on our state Liveries, and the Housekeeper is to provide such a supper, that, lud have mercy upon me, I believe the whole corpo-- (*bell rings*) hark how the bell rings, (*going*) Oh! I had forgot, Miss Cornelia, you are to go to your Mamma.

CORNELIA.

Tell her, I won't come, Robin.

FRIPPERY

FRIPPERY.

No---Robin, tell her she's coming directly.

ROBIN.

Ecod---just as you please about that, (*bell rings*) coming, my Lady, coming---Zounds, I wish the bell were tied about your neck.

Exit R. H.

FRIPPERY.

Now, my dear Miss, do you go to your Mamma, endeavour to humour her for once, only seem agreeable to her marriage, and perhaps she *mayn't* insist on yours.

CORNELIA.

Nay, I didn't care if she married a new husband every month, if she'd only let me have my dear, dear Mr. Belford, and I'm sure, that's not very unreasonable---but will you, my dear Frippery, find him out as soon as you can? and let him know my distress.

FRIPPERY.

That I will, I assure you; do you think I could refuse to help such a pair of true Lovers; no, I like to do as I'd be done by, and I'm sure all I wait for is,—the man to ask me the question.

Exit R. H.

CORNELIA.

Well, some girls now would despair,—to be sure my situation is very critical,—solely dependant on a Mother,—denied the man I love,—and obliged to receive the odious addresses of one I hate, are difficulties not easily surmounted, yet a good heart and a fertile head may do much, and if I do surmount them, I think I shall deserve a Statue erected to my constancy and truth.

Exit R. H.

End of Act First.

ACT

A C T II.

SCENE *A Chamber.*

LADY SIGHNONE (*discovered at a Toilette with*) CORNELIA.

LADY SIGHNONE.

How can you, Child, be so unreasonable as to suppose, I would countenance Mr. Belford's addresses, in preference to his Uncle's?

CORNELIA.

Why, Lord Mamma,—surely, the great disparity of years, between me and the old Commodore, would alone be—

LADY SIGHNONE.

It is in vain talking, my word is given, and I expect the Commodore every moment,—so prepare to receive him as your future husband,—for I'm determined the Nuptials shall be celebrated this very Evening.

Enter ROBIN. L. H.

Here be Mr. Ormsby and Mr. Commodore Weathergage, to wait upon your Ladyship.

LADY SIGHNONE.

Admit them instantly.

Enter ORMSBY AND WEATHERGAGE. L. H.

Gentlemen, you are welcome.

COMMODORE.

Widow, what cheer?—so, I understand you are bound for another Voyage,—Look ye, if the wind set fair, be-like I shall bear you company.

LADY

LADY SIGHNONE.

I am very much obliged to you, Commodore, for your good wishes, and hope my daughter will entertain a proper sense of them.

CORNELIA.

O yes! he may be assured that I entertain a *very* proper sense of them (*aside.*)

COMMODORE.

Thank you,---thank you, Widow, (*aside to Ormsby,*) suppose I haul a chair and sound the coast, to see how the land lies.

ORMSBY.

Do so,---mean time my fair Widow and I have some private affairs to settle, that will require our absence for a few minutes; Madam, will you honour me so far--

LADY SIGHNONE.

Dear Sir,---I can't deny you any thing.

Exit with ORMSBY. R. H.

CORNELIA. (*after a pause*)

So they've left me to the mercy of this frightful man of war, now for a love scene of the tenderest kind.

COMMODORE.

Now we're alone, I don't know what to say to her, by the mess,---I begin to find I've got out of my element.

CORNELIA.

Well, I really think he his ten times uglier than when I saw him last.

COMMODORE.

Hem! If I was but once fairly a float, I should do well enough.

CORNELIA.

What a pretty lover he makes; I must have a little sport with him. (*aside*)

COMMODORE.

COMMODORE.

That it should ever come to this ;---I who have attack'd so many first rates;---to be now afraid of a little cock-boat.

CORNELIA.

Pray, Commodore, what makes you look so grim? if you are not well, I'll go fetch some of my Mamma's Stomachic Cordial for you (*going.*)

COMMODORE.

Avast, Miss, I am pretty well I thank you,---won't you cast Anchor, (*pointing to a chair, they sit*) hem! pray, Miss, was you ever at sea?

CORNELIA.

A very good beginning, (*aside*) O yes, Commodore, why, do you know, I once went with my Mamma as far as Greenwich.

COMMODORE.

Indeed!--- well, Miss, what think you now of a Voyage to the land of Matrimony?

CORNELIA.

Voyage--- why, I always thought that people went by land to be married; now, I should like to be married very well, but not to you.

COMMODORE.

All above board, I find; mayhap, Miss, you may think my timbers are not sound, and that I want to be hove down; but let me tell you, that I am heartier than many whose gingerbread rigging fly full in the wind's eye.

CORNELIA.

Gingerbread rigging;--- I'm sure I'd rather have a gingerbread husband than you, at any rate.

COMMODORE.

The Devil you would ;--- why so?

CORNELIA

CORNELIA.

Because when I was tired of playing with--- I could eat it.

COMMODORE.

Nay, if you be like the Cannibals, Miss, I'd best sheer off, (*rises*) tho' I believe you'd find me damned hard of digestion; however, Miss, all this is very little to the purpose.

CORNELIA.

So it is--- and as you seem to have very little more to say, to any purpose, I'll leave you to yourself. (*going*)

COMMODORE.

Avast, avast,--- if you're for running foul a head thus, I must bring you to your bearings.

CORNELIA.

Ah! but you can't tho', for I never, I'm sure, shall bear the sight of you.

COMMODORE.

Look ye,---d'ye see, Miss, I came hither to have some serious discourse with you, because as how I intended to have mess'd with you for life, but if so be, you can't steer a steady course, without all this tacking why I'd best slacken sail, drop a stern, and give up the Chace.

CORNELIA.

Why then I will speak my mind, tho' Mamma should lock me up for it;--- I detest the very sight of you, if you were as handsome as you are ugly,--- and as young as you are old, yet still I should hate you;--- My heart is set on my dear, dear Mr. Belford, and have him I will, tho' I creep through an Iron grate, or jump out of a Garret window to him.

Exit R. H.

COMMODORE.

So, she's slipt her anchor and run out to sea, without rudder or compass, while I'm all a ground here, and must wait for a spring tide to set me fairly a float again.

Enter

Enter LADY SIGHNONE AND ORMSBY. R. H.

LADY SIGHNONE.

Well, Commodore,--- Mr. Ormsby's arguments are so persuasive there's no resisting ;--- I consent that both weddings be celebrated this evening ; but bless me, where's the child gone to ?

COMMODORE.

Right a head yonder, under full sail for contradiction bay.

ORMSBY.

Well, Commodore, what success ?

COMMODORE.

Success, why d'ye see,--- I've steered by a wrong chart, and mayhap if I don't tack in time, I may chance to be wreck'd upon the shallows of disappointment.

LADY SIGHNONE.

O dear Commodore, don't mind her,--- she's young and ignorant of her good ;--- I was just so at her age,--- She'll know better ere long.

COMMODORE.

Why, to be sure, Widow, Patience is a good stream Anchor, if I thought I stood fair for the harbour of her affections, it's not a little squally weather should hinder me from venturing.

ORMSBY.

I'll insure your succeeding ;--- My Lady and I have entirely settled matters, at our return in the evening every thing is to be finally concluded, you'll have your writings ready.

COMMODORE.

Ay--Ay--- heave a head--- I'll produce the Log book of my Estate, at a minutes' warning.

ORMSBY.

Madam, you'll excuse me for a few moments, I'll soon return ;--- Commodore, I'll send up your Servant.

Exit L. H.

LADY.

LADY SIGHNONE.

O the sweet creature, I shan't have a moments' comfort, till I have absolutely secured him mine.

Exit R. H.

COMMODORE.

And shiver my timbers, if ever you'll let him have a moments' comfort afterwards.

Enter SWAB, (drunk and singing) L. H.

COMMODORE.

Hey---avast---what's here?

SWAB.

All's safe,—all's safe, your honour;—steady,—steady's the word,—no fear of bilging while Swab keeps a dead reckoning.

COMMODORE.

You lubberly dog, how came you in this trim?

SWAB.

Steady, your honour, all's safe;—I've been aboard the Grog, tossing the Can to our brave Commander's Health, and success to the chace, so now, if your worship's glory will turn out, we'll scud home with a loom gale.

COMMODORE.

You deserve to be lash'd to the gang way, you do, you drunken water spout, and if I come along side of you, I'll soon be foul of your fore lights.

SWAB.

Bless your precious limbs; No, no, my noble Commander, safe, safe's the word, to be sure I have been sweating the Purser a little, but steady,---I'm the boy,—I'll stand by you while I've a stick standing, or can carry a rag of Canvas, (so steady boys steady,) (*sings*) follow in my wake as soon as you please.

Exit (singing and staggering.) L. H.

COMMODORE.

Sheer off,—you drunken swabber, the dog knows I
regard

regard him;—to be sure a better seaman never step'd on a forecastle, he has stood many a rough gale, and never flinch'd, and while our Navy's man'd with such brave boys—

Old England with her glorious flag unfurl'd,
Will ever prove the wonder of the world.

Exit L. H.

SCENE II.

A CHAMBER.

Enter CORNELIA, BELFORD AND FRIPPERY. L. H.

BELFORD.

Talk not of danger, my sweet girl,—who could be separated from you so long, and not purchase at any risque, this happy interview.

CORNELIA.

O dear, dear—what a bounce my heart gave when I saw you, I'm frighten'd out of my wits,—if Mamma catches us, we are undone for ever.

FRIPPERY.

You need not fear, Miss, your Mamma's in too great a *concatenation* herself to mind you, and she has sent all the servants out, about one *frivolous* thing or other, however to make sure, I'll stand Sentry, and give you notice, do as you'd be done by, you know, is my Maxim.

Exit R. H.

BELFORD.

My impatience would not let me wait the success of a scheme I had concerted with Ormsby this morning, I was resolved to see you, so made use of a Key, I procured of the gate, at the end of the lane, to let myself into the garden, from whence I slipt up the back stairs and---

CORNELIA.

You are too venturesome, yet I am glad you are
come.

come to my relief, my Mamma insists positively, upon my marrying your Uncle to night.

BELFORD.

I know it, my Angel, but we will disappoint her, if you'll consent to let me convey you to a place where we may be united, beyond the power of separation.

CORNELIA.

I would run any hazard to avoid so hateful an union, and yet, Belford, should you behave unkindly to me, when under your protection, it would break my heart.

BELFORD.

He must be a Villain indeed, who could wrong such innocence, rely upon my truth and honour, embrace this fortunate opportunity of escaping, and before your Mother can discover your elopement, I hope we shall be far enough out of the reach of a pursuit.

CORNELIA.

With all my heart,—for to confess the truth,—I should like to be run away with, and to Scotland above all things; it will be so spirited, so fashionable, besides there's nothing gives a Girl the air of consequence an elopement does; to have ones name banded about in all the Newspapers;—"We hear that Yesterday Evening the only daughter of Lady Sighnone, eloped with a young gentleman of family, and great expectations, they were immediately pursued by the young Lady's relations,—but in vain,—the guardian powers of love and beauty, had taken them under their protection; Phæton lent his chariot,—Cupid was the winged Charioteer, and Hymen on the banks of the Tweed, with open arms, welcomed them into the dominions of Joy and happiness."

BELFORD.

My charming girl, but come, let us not waste the precious moments,—haste and—

CORNELIA.

CORNELIA.

Stay,—stay, not so hasty,—stop here a few moments, while I just step up stairs for some of my best cloaths.

BELFORD.

No,—no, my dear, we shall have no occasion for them.

CORNELIA.

Ah! but I'm afraid we shall tho',—and if I can but slip into my Mamma's closet, I'll steal my own Jewels out.

BELFORD.

Not for the world,—you are the only Jewel I wish to possess;—let us deal honourably, and trust to her generosity for the future.

CORNELIA.

Then, I'm afraid, you'll trust to a broken reed.

BELFORD.

No matter---my love,--- we will put it to the test,--- let us proceed to Ormsby's---where--- (*going L. H.*)

Enter ORMSBY, (followed by FRIPPERY.) R. H.

ORMSBY.

Hold, not so fast, if you please; did not you promise to be guided by me?—this step would ruin all,—take my advice, leave the Lady here, and accompany me,--- wait the issue of the scheme proposed, which I am now come to execute;--- Your Uncle is below, and every thing in the train I could wish---my life on its success;--- Nay, no reply;--- Madam, you'll excuse us, a few moments will explain all,--- down the back stairs, away, away.---

Exit (with BELFORD.) R. H.

FRIPPERY.

(*After a pause.*) Upon my word, Miss, this is the most oddest affair, I was ever *extricated* in, during the whole current course of my life,--- for Mr. Ormsby to persuade

persuade your Lover to leave you here, instead of flourishing away to Scotland without redemption ; well I own its above my capacity to find out.

CORNELIA.

Ay, or mine either ;--- I'm sure I never look'd so foolish in my life.

FRIPPERY.

And well you might, Miss, to have all your schemes *confiscated* in such a manner.

CORNELIA.

And then, Frippery, to be disappointed of such a delightful jaunt to Scotland, and exposed to the ridicule of all ones' acquaintance ;--- 'Tis enough to make me cry my eyes out.

FRIPPERY.

You are right, Miss,---Why, I might have been married three years ago; to Mr. Scraper, Lord Supple's footman, but that we could not raise money enough to get there, and I was determined never to follow the vulgar fashion of marrying by licence, or being three times asked in Church.

Enter LADY SIGHNONE, (*Ridiculously drest.*)

R. H.

LADY SIGHNONE.

How tediously the lazy hours crawl, to a heart impatient of its bliss like mine;---Frippery, do you think I am elegantly enough dressed for my bridal-day?

FRIPPERY.

Elegant, my Lady!--- why you are the very *moral* of gentility.

LADY SIGHNONE.

I'm glad of it ;---O the dear sweet man, he promised to be here about this time ;--- I wish he was come, my patience is almost exhausted.

CORNELIA.

CORNELIA.

If poor Mamma should be disappointed now. (*aside.*)

FRIPPERY.

I warrant your Ladyship need not fear,--- No, no, Mr. Ormsby is too much a Gentleman, to disappoint a Lady.

Enter ORMSBY AND COMMODORE. L. H.

ORMSBY.

My dear,---my beautiful Widow.

LADY SIGHNONE.

My long expected love.

CORNELIA.

I wish my Mamma would not be quite so fond, before company. (*aside.*)

ORMSBY.

My dear Lady, I have been obliged to trespass on your patience, in order to bring this witness to my happiness.

COMMODORE.

Ay, ay, Widow, we've crowded all the sail we could to be in at the first broadside;---and now, as we seem all in the line,---suppose we hoist the signal for engaging.

ORMSBY.

I hope, Madam, I have now removed every shadow of doubt which your Ladyship might have entertained of my sincerity.

LADY SIGHNONE.

Entirely, Sir,--- entirely,---and in order to convince the world of my disinterested love, for so deserving an object,--- previous to the ceremony which is to unite us for ever;--- I here present you in the face of this good company with this,--- A deed of gift, (*giving it*

him properly attested) of half my fortune at present, and the other half at my Death.

ORMSBY.

My dear Lady, what can I say to such unbounded---such unmerited proofs of your goodness.

COMMODORE.

Say, Zounds man, say nothing, the Widow had rather be thank'd in *deed* than word.

ORMSBY.

I am afraid, Commodore, that is not in my power,---Madam,---by your blind *infatuation*, for I cannot call it *love*,---you have now made me, sole master of your fortune without reserve.

LADY SIGHNONE.

How!--- am I awake?

COMMODORE.

Faith, I believe not; but there seems a storm rising, that will quickly call all hands to work.

CORNELIA.

Well, this is delightful.

ORMSBY.

I am above taking any advantage of your folly,---my sole design is fully answered;---give *me* leave therefore in the face of this good company, to restore these writings to their just owner, (*delivers them to Cornelia.*)

LADY SIGHNONE.

Oh! I shall faint,--- this is too much,---too much to bear. (*sits.*)

CORNELIA.

Poor Mamma, so it is indeed, to lose both money and husband;--- Sir, I have not words to thank you as I ought--- (to *Ormsby.*)

LADY

LADY SIGHNONE.

Am I betrayed then, you base deluder—Villain.
(*crying.*)

ORMSBY.

Come, come, my Lady, forgive this innocent artifice, and look upon me as your best friend ; you might have fallen a dupe to some designing villain, who taking advantage of your weakness, would have ruined your family, and entail'd perpetual misery on yourself.

COMMODORE.

Why, Widow, you have kept a devilish *bad* reckoning, but I thought how it would be,—as for your generosity in favour of my little cock-boat,—Mr. ORMSBY, why, I heartily thank you,—and as soon as the Parson can tip us a cocket, we'll steer away for the matrimonial harbour directly.

CORNELIA.

I'm afraid Commodore, wind and tide are so much against you, that you'll hardly be able to reach that port this trip.

COMMODORE.

How this---do you refuse to take convoy too?—

CORNELIA.

No, provided I chuse my consort,—I'm sure if I kept company with you, I should soon be obliged to take you in tow.

Enter BELFORD. L. H.

COMMODORE.

Whew ! (*whistling*) here's a fresh gale sprung up.

LADY SIGHNONE.

I think, Commodore, *you've* not kept a good reckoning.

CORNELIA (*crosses to* BELFORD.)

And now, my dear Belford, thanks to Mr. Ormsby's generosity, I have it in my power to reward your faithful

ful love, take my hand, my fortune's more than sufficient to enable us to live happily, tho' not splendidly, but were it not, be assured I would chearfully prefer poverty and a cottage, with the man of my heart, to riches and the most splendid palace, with the man I dislike.

ORMSBY.

If you seriously consider, Commodore, I'm sure you'll soon be of the young lady's mind; only reflect with such a great disparity of years and temper, what a ridiculous figure you must make, united to so blooming a girl.

CORNELIA.

Ay, for all the world, like David and Abishag, in our old tapestry hangings.

ORMSBY.

Come, Commodore, be generous, act like yourself, fill up the marriage settlements with your nephew's name, instead of your own, and receive the thanks, nay, the blessings of the young couple, for so laudable an act.

BELFORD.

My dear Uncle, upon my knees let me beg—

COMMODORE.

Rise, you land spaniel, when did you see a seaman in so humiliating a posture?—so after rigging myself out for a matrimonial cruise, my orders are countermanded; I am to be dock'd, and laid up for life, as unfit for service, well,—well, if it must be so, it must; Nephew, give me your hand, I forgive you what's past, you shall go master in my stead; but hark ye, as you are but a young seaman, take my advice, don't croud too much sail, or you'll be apt to overset.

BELFORD.

Never fear, Uncle, we'll steer by your direction, your goodness in consenting to my union with my dear

CORNELIA

CORNELIA, makes me the happiest of men, and I hope our gratitude----

COMMODORE.

Avast---boy, no fair weather speeches, but mind your helm, and d'ye hear, by way of encouragement to serve his Majesty, you shall have five hundred pounds bounty money, for every young volunteer you launch, as soon as they are able to lisp--- *King George---Nelson* and the *Navy* for ever--- come Widow, what say you, as we have both been a couple of ridiculous old fools, to make amends, suppose you join with me and do the same.

LADY SIGHNONE.

Do the same, Commodore, (*simpering*) I did not rightly understand you, you have not surely any *serious* thoughts of paying your addresses to me? (*advancing to him.*)

COMMODORE.

Me---avast there, sheer off, marry you, no, sooner than be tack'd to such a spit-fire, I'd turn a gun into the powder room, and blow myself up.

LADY SIGHNONE. (*crying.*)

A brute,---a monster---a savage bear, fit only for Greenland.

COMMODORE.

Well, a greenland bear, is better than a lapland witch, at any time.

LADY SIGHNONE.

Come along, Frippery, the men have neither eyes, ears, or understanding.

Exeunt with FRIPPERY. R. H.

COMMODORE (*calling after her.*)

Well said, Widow,--“ *no fool like an old one ;*” heave a head there,--- let her have sea room enough tho', or she'll run foul of some of you ;---but, come, let us steer away for my cabin, where you shall have the best cheer
an

an old batchelor can give, and as hearty a welcome as the bravest sailor in the navy.

ORMSBY.

We accept your offer, Commodore, happy in having brought our adventures to so agreeable a conclusion ; but permit me to remark, when instead of persevering in, we nobly acknowledge our errors and amend, Satire loses its sting, vice its attendant shame, while candour the characteristic, of a British audience, supplies its place.

COMMODORE.

Indeed!

Then for all faults let's here (*to Audience*) indulgence
claim,
And if our friends do not dismiss with shame,
With Pride we'll ever own "WHO WAS TO BLAME."

PORK STAKES;

OR THE MISTAKE.

A COMIC STORY.

RECITED BY Mr. MEADOWS, THEATRE, WHITBY.

A well known and much respected Music seller, not *one hundred miles* from St. Paul's Church Yard, and not more remarkable for the *peculiarity* of his speech, than the unaffected simplicity of his manners, returning home one day from the West end of the town, where he had been tuneing a Piano Forte, passing by St. James's Church, and casting his eye up at the clock, exclaim'd "hey, why bless my soul, it's past two o'clock, "I shall be too late for dinner,---my brother will have "dined without me,---What shall I do? oh, I know,--
I know

“ I know what I’ll do, I’ll go to the York Coffee house, and I’ll get me a little bit of a snack,”--- accordingly he goes to the York Coffee house in Piccadilly, and after taking up a Newspaper, calls, “ here Waiter, what can I have to eat?” Sir,---“ what can I have to eat I say--don’t I speak plain?” “ what can I have to eat?” *what ever you please, Sir, I’ll bring in the bill of fare;* “ no Sir, I don’t want the bill of fare, I only want a little bit of a snack,” *very well Sir, what would you please to have?*---why let me see, suppose you get me two or three *Poach’d Eggs,*”---Sir, get me two or three poach’d eggs I say,” *yes Sir,*---“ aye let me see, I’ll have one---two---three---four---Poach’d eggs,---the waiter mistaking his orders,---goes to the cook and desires him to broil four Pork Stakes, and when ready takes them to him, *Sir, I have brought what you order’d,*---“ very well young man, put ’em down, I’ve just finished the paper,”---the waiter was retiring when he was suddenly called back with, “ here, hollo, Waiter,” Sir, “ why what the devil have you brought me here?”---*what you order’d Sir;*---“ why you damn’d dog, didn’t I order you as plain as “ I could speak, to bring me four *Poach’d eggs?*”---well Sir, *they are PORK STAKES, or chops, call them which you please, (going)* “ come here, Sir, I’ve not done with you yet; pray, Sir, do you know what a cock is?”---*a cock Sir?*---“ yes Sir a cock,---a cock a doodle doo;”---*Oh Sir you wanted a fowl*---“ no Sir I did not want a fowl; you owl, do you know what a cock’s wife is?”---*yes Sir, a hen;*---very well, Sir, what is a hen before it, is a hen? isn’t it a chicken? and what is a chicken, before it is a chicken? isn’t it a egg?” “ *Oh, Sir, you wanted four Poach’d Eggs;*” Yes Sir, I wanted four *Poach’d eggs.*

N. B. The reader will here clearly perceive that the *Peculiarity* of speech alluded to, and its consequent mistake, proceeded, from a strong nasal defect, or Obstruction in the Nostril.

SPECULATION

S P E C U L A T I O N ;

OR

A New Way of saving a Thousand Pounds.

An Original Comic Tale.

AS RECITED BY MR. MEADOWS, THEATRE, HARROWGATE.

HAZARD, a careless fellow known
 At every Gambling house in town,
 Was oft in want of money, yet,
 Could never bear to run in debt;
 Because, 'tis thought, no man was willing
 To give him credit, for a shilling,
 Dependant on dame Fortune's will,—
 He threw the dice, or well, or ill;
 This day in rags, the next in lace,
 Just as it happen'd, a size, or ace:
 Was often times, when not a winner,
 Uncertain, where to get a dinner.
 One day, when cruel Fortune's frown
 Had stripp'd him of his last half crown,
 Saunt'ring along, in sorry mood,
 Hungry, perhaps for want of food;
 A parlour window struck his eye,
 Thro' which our Hero chanc'd to spy,
 A Jolly round fac'd personage,
 Somewhat about the middle age,
 Beginning a Luxurious meal,
 For 'twas a noble loin of veal;
 And such a sight, I need not mention,
 Quickly arrested, his attention;
 Surely, thought he, I know that face,
 I've seen it at some other place;
 I recollect 'twas at the play,
 And there I heard some people say,
 "How rich this fellow was, and what
 A handsome daughter he had got;"

That

That dinner would exactly do,
 A loin of veal's enough for two;
 Could not I strike out some way,
 To get an introduction, eh;
 Most likely tis— I may endeavour,
 In vain, but come, I'll try however;
 And now he meditates no more—
 Thunders a rat tat at the door.
 The party coloured Footman come,
 "Pray is your Master, Sir, at home?"
 My master, Sir's at home but busy,
 "Then he's engaged," quoth Hazzard, "is he,"
 In voice as loud as he could bellow,
 "I'm very sorry, my good fellow,
 "It happens so, because I cou'd
 "Your master do, some little good;
 "A Speculation that I know,
 "Might save a thousand pounds or so,
 "No matter friend, your master tell,
 "Another day will do as well;"
What's that you say, the master cries,
With pleasure beaming from his eyes,
And napkin tuck'd beneath his chin,
Bouncing from parlour, whence within,
He'd heard those Joy inspiring sounds,
Of saving him a thousand pounds,
My dear Sir, what is that you say?
 "Sir, I can call another day,"
 "Your dinner I've disturb'd, I fear,"
Do pray, Sir, take your dinner here,
You'll find a welcome, warm and hearty,
 "I shall intrude, Sir, on your party,"
There's not a soul but I, and you,
 "Well then I don't care if I do;"
 Our spark's design, so far compleated,
 Behold him at the table seated,
 Paying away, as well he might,
 With some degree of appetite;
 Our host, who willing would have press'd
 The thousand pounds upon his guest;

Still

Still thought it wou'd not be genteel,
 To interrupt him at his meal,
 Which seem'd so fully to employ him,
 Talking might probably annoy him,
 So thought it better he should wait,
 Till after dinner the debate ;
 And now " the King and Constitution,
 With ill success to Revolution,
 And many a warm and loyal toast,
 Had been discuss'd, when our good host,
 Thought it was almost time to say,
 " Lets move the order of the day ;"
 Indeed he hardly could help thinking,
 'Twas rather odd—his guest was drinking,
 The business not a Jot the nearer,
 A second bottle of Madeira ;
 And that he seem'd to sit and chatter,
 'Bout this and that, and tother matter,
 As if he'd not the least intention,
 This thousand pound of his to mention ;
 Much did he wish to give a hint,
 Yet knew not how he should begin't ;
 At length, " Sir, you've forgot I fear,
The business that has brought you here ;
I think you gave some intimation,
About a saving Speculation ;
 " Ay Sir—You'll find it not amiss,
 " My Speculation's simply this :—
 " I hear you have a Daughter, Sir,"
A daughter? well, and what of her,
What can my daughter have to do,
With this affair 'twixt me and you ;
 " I mean to make your Daughter, (craving
 " Your pardon, Sir,) the means of saving ;
 " The sum I mention--- You'll allow,
 " My scheme is feasible," *As how,*
 " Why thus---I hear you've no objection,
 " To form some conjugal affection,
 " For this same daughter," *No, provided,*
All other matters coincided ;

Then

"Then Sir, I'll suit you to a hair,---
 "Pray is she not extremely fair?"
Why yes there's many folks who praise her,
But what is Beauty now a days, Sir,
 "Ay true, Sir, nothing without wealth,
 "But come suppose we drink her health,"
Indeed I've drank enough already,
 "Oh fie,--- Consider, Sir, a Lady,
 "By rights we should have drank her first,
 "Pray fill," *Well if I must I must;*
 "And pray what age, Sir, may she be?
God bless me, she's just twenty three,
 "Just twenty three? faith, a rare age,
Sir, you were speaking of her marriage,
 "I was--- and wish to know in case,
 "Such an occurrence should take place,
 "The Sum it might be in your power,
 "To give with her, by way of dower;
Well then, Sir, this is my intent,
If married with my own consent,
I've no objection on such grounds,
To pay her down Ten Thousand Pounds;
 "Ten thousand, Sir, I think you say,
Ido, "what on the marriage day?
The whole; "then let her Sir be mine,
 "I'll take her off your hands with nine,
 "And that you'll call, I'm sure, good grounds,
 "For saving you a thousand pounds."

K I T C O D L I N G,
 THE LOYAL FISHERMAN;

A New Comic Song. (F. Gibson, Esq.)

SUNG BY MR. MEADOWS, THEATRE, WHITBY.

TURN out, honey bairns, and git down to the sand,
 Where they say those damn'd frenchmen are ganging
 to land,

They'll

They'll twist round our craggs, or they'll cut all our
weasons,

If we are not prepared at all times and all seasons ;
Tol lol de rol lol, &c.

Those fellows have Gullets, and bellies like sharks,
And like other Fish, have neither breeches nor
sarks,

So turn out my lads, he who stands to consider,
Has the heart of a *coven*, the soul of a *flidder* ;
Tol lol de rol lol, &c.

Those frenchmen to catch us, a long time have waited,
And now, we are told, all their *hewks* are fresh
baited,

But let them come on then, those curse mother dogs,
They will find english *Lobsters*, a match for french
frogs ;
Tol lol de rol lol, &c.

Some threaten like *sea gulls*, to dart through the sky,
While some *Grampus*--mounted, thro' Ocean will fly,
Some will march at the bottom, oblique like a *crab*,
If they make us their *butt*, we'll return'em a *Dab* ;
Tol lol de rol lol, &c.

Now let them come over, like *Herrings* in shoals,
They'll find us as firm, and as slipp'ry as *soals*
Like *Thornbacks* we'll prick'em, like *Dog fish* we'll
bite,
Like *Barnacles* stick, and like *sword fish* we'll fight ;
Tol lol de rol lol, &c.

Still their *Army* of *England* delays to come over,
Tho' Rafts where prepared quite from *Calais* to *Dover*,
Yet I can't help a laugh, when I think of their plan,
Its all leather and wind, like a fishermans *dan* ;
Tol lol de rol lol, &c.

Let

Let the rashness of *France*, with *Dutch* courage combine,

While we all pull together, they'll ne'er break our line,

Should they to our coast then, so bold find their way,
They'll never reach *Whitby*, we'll keep them at bay;
Tol lol de rol lol, &c.

Then up with the keg, *Bairns*, and drink out at Bung,
I hope you're content with the ditty I've sung,

May fishermen never their country forget,
But catch those french *Sharks*, in a strong English net.

Tol lol de rol lol, &c.

THE OLD CHEESE;

An Original Comic Tale.

RECITED BY MR. FAWCETT, AT THE THEATRE ROYAL,
COVENT GARDEN.

YOUNG *Slouch*, the Farmer, had a Jolly wife,
That knew all the conveniences of life,
Whose diligence and cleanliness supplied,
The wit which nature had to him denied;
But then she had a tongue that would be heard,
And make a better man than *Slouch* afraid.
This made censorious persons of the town,
Say *Slouch*, could hardly call his soul his own;
For if he went abroad too much, she'd use,
To give him *slippers*, and lock up his *shoes*:
Talking he loved, and ne'er was more afflicted,
Than when he was disturb'd or contradicted;
Yet still into his story she would break,
With— "'Tis not so; pray give me leave to speak,"
His friends thought this was a tyrannic rule,
Not differing much from calling of him fool;

Told

Told him he must exert himself, and be,
In fact the master of his family.

He said, "that the next Tuesday noon would shew,

"Whether he were the lord at home or no;

"When their good company he would entreat,

"To well brew'd ale, and clean, if homely meat:"

With aching heart home to his wife he goes,

And on his knees does his rash act disclose,

And prays dear Sukey, that, one day at least,

He might appear as *master* of the feast;

"I'll grant your wish," cries she, "that you may see,

"'Twere wisdom to be govern'd still by me;

The guests upon the day appointed came,

Each bowsy farmer with his simp'ring dame;

"Ho, Sue, cries *Slouch*, why dost not thou appear,

"Are these thy manners when aunt Snap is here?"

"I pardon ask," says Sue; I'd not offend,

"Any my dear invites, much less his friend;"

Slouch, by his kinsman Gruffy, had been taught

To entertain his friends, with finding fault,

So made the main ingredient of the treat,

His saying there was nothing fit to eat;

"The boil'd pork stinks, the roast beef's not enough,

"The bacon's rusty, and the hens are tough;

"The veal's all rags, the butter's turn'd to oil,

"And thus I buy good meat for sluts to spoil.

"'Tis we are the first *Slouches* ever sat

"Down to a pudding without plumbs or fat,

"What teeth or stomach's strong enough to feed

"Upon a goose my grannum kept to breed?

"Why must old pigeons, and they stale, be drest,

"When there's so many squab ones in the nest;

"This beer is sour, 'tis musty, thick, and stale,

"And worse than any thing, except the ale."

Sue all this while, many excuses made,

Some faults she own'd, at other times she laid,

The fault on chance, but oft'ner on the maid.

Then cheese was brought, says *Slouch*, "this e'en shall

"roll,

"I'm sure 'tis hard enough to make a bowl;

"This

" This is *skim* milk, and therefore it shall go,
 " And this, because 'tis Suffolk, follow too ;"
 But now *Sue's* patience did begin to waste,
 Nor longer could dissimulation last,
 " Pray let me rise," says *Sue*, my dear I'll find;
 " A cheese perhaps may be to *lovy's* mind ;"
 Then in an entry standing close, where he
 Alone, and none of all his friends, might see,
 And brandishing a cudgel he had felt,
 And far enough on this occasion smelt ;
 " I'll try my Joy," she cried, if I can please,
 " My dearest with a taste of his *Old Cheese* ;"
Slouch turn'd his head, saw his wives vigorous hand,
 Wielding her oaken sapling of command ;
 Knew well the twang, " is't the *old cheese* my dear,
 " No need, no need of cheese," cries *Slouch*, " I'll
 " swear,
 " I think, I've din'd as well as my Lord Mayor." }

A COMIC SATIRIC ADDRESS,

IN CHARACTER OF

TOUCHSTONE RIDING ON AN ASS.

(*S. Kemble.*)

AS RECITED AND SUNG BY MR. DAVIS, THEATRE, WHITBY.

IN times remote 'fore Luxury was known,
 Or *asses* into disrepute were thrown,
 This *Ass* had sold at market or at Fair,
 For such rare parts, fall to few *Asses* share ;
 Look at my *Ass*— Neddy's a pretty creature,
 Examine him, observe his every feature :
 His upright long broad ears, give to his face,
 An easy air of fashion, and of grace ;

But

But most of all, his noble *Grecian* nose;
 How like he is, to many modern Beau's;
 Yet the similitude, might more prevail,
 Were I to dock his ears, and crop his tail;
 One thing there is indeed, in Ned's condition;
 Holds no resemblance, to an Ass of fashion;
 His Tailor for his Bill, can never dun him,
 This ever lasting grey, will still become him:
 Your foolish swaggering, tonish weak buffoons,
 Parade in divers colour'd Pantaloon's;
 The livery Joseph's brethren of old,
 Gave, when they Joseph into bondage sold,
 And thus it is,—that many an *Ass* of Ton,
 As Joseph was, in bondage *vile* are thrown;
 Neddy's indeed, get dirty now and then,
 But rub'em, they're as good as new again,
 Dyed in the grain, his coat can never fade,
 'Tis *nature's* work, and well she knows her trade;
 Upon your learning Ned, I'll lay no stress,
 If not an L. L. D.—you're A. S. S.
 A learned Pig, we know for once may do,
 One learned ass, believe me would be new;
 The thing's *impossible*, so there's an end,
 An *Ass* will always be an *Ass*, my friend;
 In life's short Journey, Neddy, keep your place,
 And don't stare modest females out of face;
 Never pursue a maid to her undoing,
 Let no *she Ass* accuse you of her ruin;
 'Mongst men (tho' common) those things we contemn;
 Let them ape *you*, but pray don't you ape *them*;
 And now your catechism, (*Neddy*,) 'tis not long,
 And I'll, to please you, shape it in a song;
 Plain answer make to every question pray,
 And what you can't pronounce; why you may bray;
 He's sometimes stubborn tho', and takes the Pet,
 And then I act the *ass* in the Duett,
 Yet still I'll prove by rule, that he's content,
 My rule is this; his silence gives consent.

DUETT:

DUETT.

Tune, "All among the leaves so green O."

In each calling and each trade,
Men are daily *asses* made,
From the great man now in place,
Wearing Garter, Star or Lace,
To the *Ass* in place before,
Who is now kick'd out of door,
All among the leaves so green O,
When they sign,—that they resign,
All that passes,—shews they're *Asses*,

(*Speaks*) Don't it Neddy?—(BRAYS) "There Ladies and Gentlemen, he says yes, as plain as he can;"

High down,—ho down,
Derry, derry down,
All among the leaves so green O.

So the man in common life,
Is an *Ass* made by his wife,
When with namby pamby speeches,
Coaxing him out of his breeches,
Then the *Ass* led by the nose,
Forfeits quiet and repose:
All among the leaves so green O,
Like any Mill,—her clack ne'er still,
Farewell quiet,—welcome riot:

(*Speaks*) "Isn't it so Neddy?" (BRAYS) "there Neddy says yes,—Indeed the greatest *Ass* in the world, knows its a common case among married people;"

High down,—ho down,—derry, derry down,
All among the leaves so green O.

And now Neddy without art,
You have play'd your sluggish part,
If from censure *you* get clear,
I have nothing then to fear,

And

And before we next appear,
 We'll improve there is no fear,
 All to fill up the Farcical scene O;

(*Speaks*) "What say you Neddy? will you try to improve in your calling?" (BRAYS) "There Ladies and Gentlemen, he says yes, and so far you may depend upon his sincerity, that what ever he says he'll stand to, and now Neddy,

We must part,---with all my heart;
 I to play,---you to bray,
 High down,---ho down, &c.

THE KING's PICTURE;

OR,

AN ANSWER TO ABRAHAM NEWLAND.

(*C. Dibdin, Jun.*)

SUNG BY Mr. MEADOWS, THEATRE, BEVERLEY.

MR. *Abraham Newland's* a monstrous good man,
 But when you've said of him what ever you can,
 Why all his soft paper would look very blue,
 If it wasn't for the Yellow boys, pray what think you;
 Tol lol de rol lol, &c.

With Newlands for letters of credit proceed,
 Pray what would you do, where the people can't
 read,
 But the worst of all dunces, we know very well,
 Only shew him a Guinea, I warrant he'll spell;
 Tol lol de rol lol, &c.

Your Lawyers and Doctors, and them sort of folks,
 Who with fees and such fun, you know, never stand
 Jokes,

In

In defence of my Argument, try the whole tote,
 Sure they'll all take a Guinea, before a pound note;
 Tol lol de rol lol, &c.

The french would destroy all our credit and trade,
 If they were not unable, asham'd or afraid,
 They may talk of our king, but let who will be victor,
 They'd be devilish glad, to get hold of his picture;
 Tol lol de rol lol, &c.

From this Picture so precious, may Britain's ne'er part,
 While the glorious original reigns in her heart,
 And while we've such Tars, as our Navy can boast,
 With our King and his Picture, we must rule the
 roast;

Tol lol de rol lol, &c.

A COMIC POETIC BAGATELLE

CALLED,

THE BARBER'S PETITION;

With his Whimsical defence of Wigs;

Particularly--the *Lover's Wig*,--the *Doctor's Wig*,--
 the *Counsellor's Wig*,--the *Coachman's Wig*, and his
Own Wig.

AS RECITED AND SUNG BY MR. MEADOWS, THEATRES,
 KENDAL, WHITBY, &c. &c.

Speaks without.

PEACE--peace good wife, or if thy tongue won't
 stop,
 Keep thou the parlour, and I'll keep the shop.

Enters R. H.

So that storm's weather'd, safe now into harbour,
 I'm at your service; Gent's, (*bows*) a Village Barber;
 My name is Joseph, but 'tis fit you know,
 Boys in derision, oft call me barber Joe;
 Thus introduced, with leave, I'll lay before ye,
 A Barber's simple but unhappy story;
 Gent's, I am married,---first let me be sure,
 My wife's not listening, t'other side the door;
 No-no, all's safe she's busied in the charms,
 Of four fine daughters, and a son in arms:
 A fine fat bouncing boy, and wondrous fair,
 As like his daddy too,--- as he can stare,
 The girls all like Mamma, and on my life,
 Venus is not much handsomer than my wife;
 A happier pair I'm sure there could not be,
 Did not we somehow always disagree;
 If I am mute 'tis well, but if I'm bold,
 Then she, Lord bless us! is an arrant scold;
 'Tis true, at this I should not much repine,
 'Tis many a good man's lot, as well as mine,
 But when my wife, in bold defiance dares,
 To snatch the wig, from off my very ears;
 My pride can't bear it, I cannot then be mute,
 The Wig,--- my wig's a serious subject for dispute,
 She wants this comely bob, judge is it fair,
 Cast off, and I a barber too, to dress my hair,
 But no good wife cries I, rather shall Joe,
 His lifetime in a flannel night cap go;
 Rather shall friseurs with foreign face on,
 Hang out for sign the Barbers pole and bason,
 Than I a Barber, frizzle locks,
 On any but my own plain simple blocks,
 "Pooh" cries my wife "be quiet, prithee do,"
 "As fashions alter we must alter too,
 "Throw by the bob then, Joe, or devil take me,
 "If I once get fair hold on't but I'll make ye;"
 Roused I replied, no mill clack sure runs faster,
 Than that pert tongue of thine 'gainst Lord and Master;
Abuse

Abuse ought else,--- I value it not a fig,
 But praythee wife remember,---a *wig*---a *wig's* a *wig* !
 Excuse my warmth good folks, 'twixt man and wife,
 Less things than *wigs*, have caused a deal of strife :
 I keep this shop, and doubtless you'll agree,
 It were but gratitude, the shop kept me,
 But no, the heads that used to be all bald and bare,
 Now overgrown are, with a fleece of hair :
 To you then I present my just Petition,
 Will you wear Wigs, and better my condition ?
 Pray do, good folks, necessity is pressing,
 Get your heads shaved, and prithee leave of dressing,
 My wife perhaps may cease to scold and grumble,
 My shop may thrive, and I shall be your humble ;
 Besides from wigs your merry smiling faces,
 Will gain sure, all imaginable graces,
 With leave I'll prove it, and like Poets big,
 With theme sublime, tho' mine's an humble *wig*,
 I'll raise my voice, and in a Barber's song,
 Chaunt all the praises that to Wigs belong.

Of all the gifts Dame Nature gives, and mighty man
 possesses,
 Tho' varied as they well can be, none equal to the face
 is,
 Yet wigs you must allow, nay I'll prove it by example,
 Lend force to every feature, and this Bob is my first
 sample ;
 "'Tis a pretty bob &c. and gives the face a sort of a
Moderation, &c.

I call this *Bob* the Lover's Wig, because you see it
 made is,
 To play the very devil with the hearts of all the
 Ladies,
 Nay smile not you'd scarce think it, but without the
 least design,
 Scores of females have felt the power, of this little
 Bob of mine ;
 "Because when I've smiled from under it I've seen'em
 all in a *Twitteration*, &c.

Would

Would you your Chloe's heart besiege as soldiers do a
city,

First arm your heads, as mine is now, I warrant Joe
shall fit you,

Then from each eye, let glances fly, thus as it were at
random,

If lovers wou'd but attack in wigs, the ladies cou'd
not withstand'em;

“Because an ogle or a leer from a bob puts their
hearts in a *Palpitation*, &c.

To the Doctor when he his Patient asks to swallow
Draught or Pill,

This wig would give a simple face a monstrous deal
of skill,

Each muscle full of gravity, what wisdom in the eye,
Pray where's the Doctor's wisdom now the wig's
thrown by?

“All simplicity, all vacant like mine, and full of *Stupi-
fication*, &c.

This blockhead now a Lawyer, a moment let's suppose,
All tricks and cases, quirks and statutes, mighty well
he knows,

This Wig denotes him counsellor, and wise he does
appear,

Unwig'd and he's empty as any blockhead standing
here;

“So you see in a Lawyer as well as a Doctor, it's the
wig makes all the *Alteration*, &c.

With this snug little knowing wig, pray let me now
approach ye,

It wou'd (that is) if it cou'd but speak, say it was
made for Coachy,

Thus wigs give character to men, I speak it not in
raillery,

Without this wig who'd know that was a Coachman
in the Gallery,

“I don't

“ I dont mean that Gemman with his arm round the
 Lady's waist and his face full of love and *Agitation*, &c.

And now to married folks, whose wives delight to
 scold and domineer,
 I fain wou'd speak a word or two in private in their
 ear,

Let all your heads be closely shaved, and shaving too
 will cool'em,

For depend on it, when your locks are off your wives
 can never pull'em;

“ Besides the heads of married men should always be
 cool, clear and in *Moderation*, &c.

But stop I fain would speak two words, I hope good
 folks you'll bear'em,

Who'd rather part with powder'd locks, than give
 your gold to wear'em,

Since you no longer need the puff, nor will be guinea
 pigs,

Oh keep poor Joe, assist his trade, and let him make
 your wigs;

“ Without a dust of powder for then you'd still be
 liable to *Taxeration*, &c.

The times are monstrous hard, good lack, no frizzing
 in the nation,

But yet I hope for poor Joe's sake, Beards won't go
 out of fashion,

If you'll entrust him with your chins, all dangers he
 will brave,

And then, sirs, as in duty bound, honest Joe will ever
 shave;

“ For a penny, cut hair, for two-pence with good razor
 smoaking hot lather, clean cloth and all to *Ad-
 miration*, &c.

OCCASIONAL PROLOGUE;

SPOKEN AT THE OPENING OF THE NEW THEATRE,

NORTHALERTON;

On Monday evening October the 6th 1800,

BY Mr. MEADOWS.

(Cross and Dibdin, Junior.)

THE Stoic's plan is futile, which requires,
 Our wants supplied, by lopping our desires,
 As well by this vague scheme might we propose,
 Cut of your feet, 'twill save the price of shoes;
 As well might we, thus courting public favour,
 To gain your plaudits, lop off all endeavour,
 The thought we spurn, be it our constant aim,
 By assiduity to gain a name,
 Your approbation points the road to Fame;
 Each effort use, nor e'er a moment pause;
 To reap that golden harvest, your applause,
 Sweet is the balm, which hope's kind aid bestows,
 To lighten grief, or mitigate our woes,
 To raise desponding merit, banish fear,
 And from the trembler, wipe the falling tear;
 To diffidence inspire its dread beguile,
 And doubt extinguish, with a cheering smile;
 That task be yours, my co-mates with some dread,
 Depute me here their willing cause to plead,
 Your fiat must our future fates controul,
 For here our chief has "garner'd up his soul;"
 Eager to please, his throbbing heart beats high,
 By you depress'd or swell'd to extacy;
 Then bid the phantom fear at once depart,
 And rapture revel, in his anxious heart,
 From you, ye fair, who gaily circling sit,
 The galaxy of beauty, and of wit,

Or

Or you gay goddesses, who lofty tow'r,
 And urge the laughing gods to cry encore,
 To critic man no warm appeal we need,
 He'll sure applaud if beauty takes the lead;
 And in the fair complacent smiles we view,
 Pleasures unpleasing if unfelt by you;
 "Who ne'er withhold the tribute of applause,
 "Which merit claims from truth's unerring laws,
 "But come determined well each generous breast,
 "To approve what's pleasing, and forgive the rest,
 "Laugh where you can, our drooping fires 'twill raise;
 "And nobly pardon, where you cannot praise."

A BUNDLE OF WANTS,

IN WHICH EACH PERHAPS MAY FIND HIS OWN;

A New Comic Song.

Tune, "Religion's a Politic Law."

IF you think it would make you all merry,
 I'll sing you a song about want,
 Tho' of wit I am sure I want plenty,
 For alas that with me is quite scant;
 But a woman without e'er a tongue,
 She never can scold very loud,
 And a man that is both deaf and dumb,
 Can make no great noise in a croud;
 Tol lol de rol, &c.

Poor Jack with no shot in his locker,
 May wander nobody cares whither,
 And there no greater want for a Cobler,
 Can be, than his wanting of leather;
 A man if he wants but one leg,
 Will make but a pitiful runner,
 And if he should chance want an eye,
 He'll sure make a very bad gunner;
 Tol lol de rol, &c.

A Tailor

A Tailor if wanting a goose,
 Perhaps may be wanting a dinner,
 And a woman that riots and scolds,
 Wants grace or else I'm no sinner;
 A brewing if wanting of malt,
 I'm sure must prove very bad beer,
 So a woman if wanting a fault,
 She like a bright star will appear;
 Tol lol de rol, &c.

A Mountibank without a fool,
 And a courtier turn'd out of place,
 Or a Tinker without any tools,
 They're all in a comical case;
 A Soldier if wanting his pay,
 Perhaps too, may murmur and curse,
 And a man who is wanting of money,
 Can have no great need of a purse;
 Tol lol de rol, &c.

A Ploughman without e'er a plough,
 I think he may live at his ease,
 And a dairy without e'er a cow,
 Will not make much butter and cheese;
 A Farmer without any corn,
 Can neither give, sell, no, nor lend,
 But a huntsman that's wanting his horn,
 Why his wife may perhaps stand his friend;
 Tol lol de rol, &c.

The wants of your humble are simple,
 'Tis the favour of your kind applause,
 But gratitude never was wanting,
 Nor respect to religion and laws;
 In the hope too that none of my friends,
 Will be much displeas'd at my song,
 Yet for fear that it should be the case,
 I'll now take my leave and begone;
 Tol lol de rol, &c.

TONY LUMPKIN'S RAMBLE.

AS RECITED BY MR. MEADOWS, THEATRE, WHITEY.

(Altered from O'Keeffe.)

YOU seem all to wonder, lord, who is this Bumpkin?
 Why that I'll soon tell you, I be young Squire Lumpkin,

Cousin Con and my sister, they both have got married,
 And mother to church yard, heels foremost were carried;

To leave old father *Hardcastle*, I thought no great sin,
 And with cash and *Bet Bouncer*, the world to begin,
Bet wept like the rain, and did nothing but pout,
 When I told her for Lunnon, I'd surely set out,
 But when that she found she was with me to go,
 For joy 'gad she got almost how came you so;
 Lunnon—lord how I laugh'd at their *weals—winegars*
toasteses,

And running their *fisteses* 'gainst the stone *posteses*,
 They said 'twas a fine place and egad they were right,
 There is every thing there, that can give you delight;
 Yet little you'll get, without money to buy it,
 I hope none of us here'll have occasion to try it;
 When gold is the crop, 'gad they know how to reap it,
 Aye, and when they have got it, they know how to
 keep it;

The sights in the Tower, I thought very charming,
 But *Bet* said, the Lions were monstrous alarming;
 We saw the grand Bank, and both the Exchanges,
 From the Parliament house, why we went to St.
 James;

There we saw our good King, and, says I, heaven
 bless him,

May none of his enemies ever distress him.

We return'd thro' the Park, saw the Waxwork and
 Play,

And then to Vauxhall *Bet* and I jogg'd away;

There

There, says she, Tony, may I die an old maid,
 If I don't go this night, to the grand Masquerade ;
 Our dresses we hired, pop'd into a coach,
 But e'er to the rooms we cou'd make our approach,
 A mob all surrounds us and each like a hector,
 Roars out "I say, Sir, won't you tell us what's your
 character ;"

In our masquerade dresses, we'd such fun and such glee,
 With, I'm sure I know you, pray don't you know me ;
 When tired of dancing to cards we sat down,
 And I in my lawyers big wig and black gown ;
 A Dutchman play'd commerce, a Captain play'd brag,
 A Quaker play'd whist, but I like a wag,
 From the top to the toe as a lawyer array'd,
 Beggar my neighbour egad, was the game that I play'd,
 We danced all the night and slept all the next day,
 Then awoke the next morning as jocund as May,
 Till of lions and tomb-stones and such sights quite
 weary,

I sat out for Yorkshire with Betsy my deary ;
 For, thinks I, when at home that I open my mouth,
 They shall find that the north I have seen well as
 south ;

So without any pother and in less than a minute,
 Was the chaise at the door, and pop we were in it,
 In two days and a half we arrived safe in this town,
 I, as smart as you see, Bet, in her nobodied gown :
 Gad she looks mighty pretty, so rosy and fat,
 As she walks by my side, in a little straw hat.

To see all the fine sights, Bet makes a great rout,
 So till dinner was ready, why we santer'd about ;

" We went over the bridge, saw the town house and
 church,

" Which seems to have left all the town in the lurch,

" What a number of steps did poor Bet and I count,

" Gad I thought to the skies we were going to mount ;

" We saw all the docks, the Guard-house and Pier,

" And at Clark's Golden Lion, found very good cheer ;

" At dinner we'd plenty of what was in season,

" Good wine—good attendance, and the bill was in
 reason,

" The

“ The first toast after dinner, which I gave with three cheers,

“ Was success to the Town and to its Volunteers;”
 I thought that the best way to finish the day,
 Was to treat both myself and dear Bet to the Play,
 Perhaps you may think that I'm full of my raillery,
 When I tell you I left her just now in the gallery:
 There she is thò' she's lusty I hope she don't throng ye,
 You may laugh but by jingo Bet Bouncer's among ye;
 Coming down here to buy her some apples and pears,
 My old friend 'Tom Meadows, I met on the stairs,
 For all your kind favours I've oft heard him say,
 No words can express them no language convey,
 On his true hearty thanks you may safely depend,
 And with life that his gratitude only will end.

THE WEDDING OF BALLIPOREEN.

(*Stanfield.*)

Tune, “ Ballinamona Oro.”

ATTEND ye chaste nine, to a true Irish bard,
 You're old maids to be sure, but he sends you a card,
 To request you'll assist a poor musical elf,
 With a song ready made, he'll compose it himself,
 About maids, boys, a priest and a wedding,
 With a croud you could scarce thrust your head in,
 A supper good drink and a wedding,
 That happen'd at Balliporeen.

'Twas a fine summer's morning, 'bout twelve in the
 day,
 All the birds fell to sing, all the asses to bray,
 When Patrick the bridegroom and Oonagh the bride,
 In their best bibs and tuckers set off side by side,
 The piper went first in the rear, Sir,
 The maids blush'd, the bridesmen did swear, Sir,
 Oh fait how the spalpeens did stare, Sir,
 At our wedding at Balliporeen.

They

They were soon tack'd together, and home did re-
turn,

To make merry the day at the sign of the Churn,
Where they sat down to Junket, a frolicksome group,
Oh the shades of old Shannon ne'er saw such a troop,
There were turf-cutters,—threshers and tailors,
There was harpers and fiddlers and nailors,
With smugglers and pipers and sailors,
Assembled at Balliporeen.

Now they sat down to meat, father Murphy said grace,
Smoaking hot were the dishes, and eager each face,
The knives and forks rattled, spoons and platters did
play,

And they jostled and elbow'd and gobbled away,
Rumps, chines and fat surloins did groan, Sir,
Whole mountains of beef, were cut down, Sir,
They demolish'd all to the bare bone, Sir,
At this wedding at Balliporeen.

There was bacon and greens, but the turkey was spoil'd
Potatoes dress'd both ways, both roasted and boil'd,
There were herrings, black puddings, the priest got
the snipe

Calcannon, pies, dumplings, cod, cow-heels and tripe,
Then they eat, till they cou'd eat no more, Sir,
And the whisky came pouring gallore, Sir,
Oh how Teddy Mc. Manus did roar, Sir,
Fait he bother'd all Balliporeen.

Now the liquor went round, and the songsters did roar,
Tim sung "Paddy O Whack,," Peg "Molly a store,"
Till a motion was made, that their songs they'd forsake,
And each boy take his sweetheart, their trotters to shake,
Then the couples and pipers advancing
Brogues, Pumps and barefeet fell a prancing
Such jigging such reeling and dancing
Was ne'er known at Balliporeen.

But

But the maids growing tired, and the men growing
 drunk,
 The Bridegroom grew sleepy, and away the Bride
 slunk,
 Some saddled their garrons, some box'd in the lanes,
 And a pretty black eye, Murtouch gave to Macshane,
 Some knock'd down in the dirt were a crawling,
 The men roar'd, and the girls fell a squalling,
 And some in the ditches were sprawling,
 Such fun was at Balliporeen.

Now to Patrick the Bridegroom and Oonagh the Bride,
 Let the harp of Old Ireland be sounded with pride,
 And to all the brave guests, large or small grey or green,
 Drunk or sober, who jig'd it at Balliporeen,
 And when Cupid shall lend you his wherry,
 To trip over the conjugal ferry,
 I wish you may be half so merry
 As we were at Balliporeen.

A VARIETY OF COMIC SKETCHES SELECTED FROM
 THE LECTURE ON HEARTS (Dodd.)

*Including a dissertation on Hearts-----A Royal Heart---
 The Heart of a true British Tar; or, Navy Agent's---
 A Coward's; or Bully's---True Courage; or a Real
 Captain's---A Light Heart; or Good Natured Fel-
 low's---Old Gripus' (the Usurer's) Dr. Mathew
 Musty's a Pedant's and Lawyer Latitat's.*

LECTURE UPON HEARTS Part 1st.

Ladies and Gentlemen,

The town has been amused for sometime past with
 lectures on *heads*, which are certainly the least valuable
 parts of us Britons. But we have frequently shewn to
 the World the greatness and the goodness of our *hearts*,

as a proof of my assertion, I can appeal to the detail of almost every battle or siege by land or sea, in which we have ever had any share, to prove the *greatness* and *courage* of our *hearts*, and the numberless charitable institutions in these kingdoms, prove their *goodness*. Therefore I hope none will deny that I have chosen the noblest subject, in giving a *lecture upon hearts*.

As among the wrong *heads* of this nation, some good and wise ones may be found, so from among the great, good, generous, open and benevolent *hearts*, some may be selected, which are weak, cowardly, base, canker'd, false and rotten; but I hope their number is very very small.

I thought the sight of so many *real hearts*, might be disgusting to the ladies, therefore have caused them to be delineated on paper. I must own the similitude wou'd have better been preserv'd in wood, or *stone*, and accordingly I sought out for a *heart turner*, but cou'd not procure one in the whole Metropolis; for all who professed that business, were engaged as journeymen to the several tabernacles, and too numerous Methodist meetings.

Shewing an } This Ladies and Gentlemen is a
upright heart. } *sound upright heart*; every organ of
sense led to it, and made thereon the impression nature
design'd it should. It was ever compassionate to the
distresses or wants of its dependants; it was fill'd with
real courage, true piety, sound patriotism, and every
thing great, good and glorious, which distinguishes and
dignifies the man. This heart has been worn by many
of our british monarchs, and may be justly named a
truly royal heart. Alfred the great, Edward the third,
Henry the fifth, William the third, and George the
first and second, each have severally worn this heart;
and if any shou'd ask where it *now* resides, my answer
is, in the breast of *him* whom we *now* serve.

Shews a wainscot } This is the heart of a british
coloured heart. } sailor made of the same stuff
as the ship's bottom, *Solid English Oak*. We found
several

several cavities in this heart differently filled; In one was courage, in another inconsiderate prodigality, in a third downright honesty, and a fourth was filled with flip, and his Wappinglandlady's daughter. One morning being at the mast head, he spied three sail, which he perceived to be enemies: He joyfully call'd aloud, "Quarter master!" "Hollo!" "Strand my top gallant eye strings, if there be not three sail under our lee bow." The quarter master acquainted the quarter deck therewith; the ship was cleared for action, and all hands to quarters. Jack fortified himself with a large suck from his case bottle before his chest was struck down into the hold, and thus addressed *Florence O'Flaherty* and *Angus Mac Guffin*, two of his messmates, "D'ye hear, messmates, d'ye mind me? people may jaw as much as they will about these here French men, but unreeve the laniards of my heart, and cast off the breechings and tackles of my soul, if ever I knew them stand tightly to a good tustle." "Jock, (Answers *Angus Mac Guffin*) ye mun learn that it is nae policy te despise your enemy, for where is the honour of getting the victory, when ye ha none but cowardly loones to combat wi? I grant ye, lad, that the French ha na sic like merit in arms that can compare untull we; and the reason is right easily geevin, because they are aw slaves, and ken not the sweets of liberty. They fight only for the siller, and because they canna' help it; while we fight for the honor of our gued King, (God bless em,) for the gued of our Country, and to preserve our ain families fra poverty and slavery." To him *O'Flaherty* replied, "O my dear Angush! ha done wid your botherations; devil burn me if I know any tthing at all at all; but I'll tell you what I fight for: I fight to keep up my *charecter*, and the *charecter* of my country; for never did no man since the days of *Pheen Mac Hoole*, see an Irishman turn his back, while he cou'd stand with his faish forward. Oh! monia mon Dyowle, who ever saw an Irishman a coward?" "Honest Jack replied," Messmates, I know you are both good fellows, that will stand to your guns, while
there

there is either round, cross-bar, or grape shot to be got: none of your wishy washy landlubbers, and as we have got a good Commander, let us stand to it and drub their french Jackets; I own, messmate Angus, that the french officers fight well enough as you must remember; we were along side the Centaur, she pelted away bloodily, but as for their common sailors, they are such a set of ragamuffins, that, unship all my teeth, that I may never shiver a biscuit again, if they are any more worth the powder and shot that's thrown away upon them, than the small birds in White-chapel-fields, and about Lime-house-hole.—but avast!—here they come. The commodore has clew'd up her sails and waits for us. She's a bigger ship than we to be sure, and has heavier metal.—But what of that? a shot can but make a hole; and as for ourselves 'tis in vain flinching; for, d'ye see, every shot has its commission, if it is not to hit us why then it goes by you know; and if it is, if we were on the truck of the main-top-gallant-mast, or down in the light room, 'tis all one, 'twou'd come there and give us a douse.”—To it they went.—The French Commodore was beaten off, and his convoy, two East-Indiamen fell into their hands. Jack was discharged at the peace, and came to wait for his prize-money—he waited for it indeed—above three years and never got it neither; for being arrested for a debt of seven pounds, which he cou'd never raise, he was put into the Marshalsea, and there his poor honest heart, tough as it was, was broke with ill usage, and he died, having one hundred and seventeen pounds due to him; as prize-money, in the hands of an *Agent*.

Shews a } Here's an odd heart—whose do you
black one. } think it is?—Perhaps you take it to be
Satan's,—no such thing,—his heart is not quite so
black. This is the heart of the *agent*, who had poor
Jack's prize-money.—There is nothing like ill got
money, like defrauding the Poor, and with-holding
the due of the widow and orphan for blackening the
heart. This fellow was the joint issue of a country
attorney

attorney, (who set all his neighbours together by the ears, to get an honest living for himself,) and a travelling gipsy, who told fortunes, cheated servant maids of their rings and thimbles, and stole linen and poultry. The boy inherited fraud from his mother, and deceit, low cunning and hard-heartedness from his father. With these qualifications he was put to a charity school, where he learned to read, write, cast accounts and sing psalms. At length he took the opportunity of his mistress nodding over her brandy bottle, to pick her pocket of 17s. and then set out for London, to make his fortune with that immense sum. He at first got to be boy at an ale-house, where he was very diligent in observing who got drunk and fell asleep, on whom he always rais'd contributions, 'till one fatal night, mistaking his man, he was detected by *Owen Cennadoc*, a welchman, who finding Tom's hand in his pocket, cried, "Cod-bless hur and preserve hur! what so young and a tief! to be sure, child, you will come to the callows, if you do not leave off your evil ways in time; besides that is the least of the matter, for the tevil will have you, and toss you about with fiery pitch-forks, which will stick into you".—Dear Sir! (cries Tom) forgive me this time; if I can but 'scape the gallows here, let me alone with the devil and his pitch-forks. The good natured Welchman took pity on his youth, and to put him out of harm's way, sent him aboard a man of war.

In this new station Tom behaved with great cunning and circumspection; he wrote under the clerk and in time was advanced to the dignity and honour of waiting on the Captain, who being killed in an engagement, Tom took care to secure what he cou'd find in his master's scrutore. At the ship's going into port, he got his discharge, and came to London, where he became clerk to an Old Bailey solicitor, which no doubt greatly improved his morals.—He then married the bar-keeper of a neighbouring tavern, who complimented him with a son five months after their marriage. The vintner stood god-father, and was a very good friend

to them both. His wife proved a very good wife, and being tolerably handsome, so exerted herself in her husband's interest, that he was appointed clerk to a capital ship. There he improved his talents and his money, and whenever she was going into port to be paid, very generously lent the sailors a guinea a piece to receive only five and twenty shillings at the pay table. Having thus procured money, he therewith bought friends, and at last set up as an Agent. In this station he cheated all who had any concerns with him, and fatten'd on the cries of the distress'd; 'till he broke his heart at reading in the news-papers, that an Act wou'd be passed for regulating Agents for prize-money, and make them account for what they have received. Happy is it for us that few such Agents are now left.

Shews a white } The last heart was *black*, but this
heart. } is a *white* heart. This is the heart
of a *coward*, the most despicable of all characters. The
owner of this heart was *Tom Bubblefool*, a bully, who
usurped an uniform, wore a long sword, and fiercely
cock'd-hat, and call'd himself *Captain*. He was one
of the worthy fraternity of sharpers, a constant attendant
on billiard tables, and play'd *all* the game at back-
gammon. He was a curious observer of faces, and
wherever he saw any outward marks of weakness and
timidity, wherever he found a young bubble just come
to his estate, who was possessed of more money than wit,
and more land than brains, he introduced himself into
his company, and by a dext'rous shuffle of the cards, or
an artful cog of the dye, eased him of his superfluous
wealth; if the deluded youth seem'd to doubt the
fairness of his play, the strength of his voice, and the
length of his sword, were often effectual to stifle all com-
plaints. He was also a great hero among the unhappy
defenceless women of the town, being mean enough to
disgrace manhood by partaking of the wages of their
iniquity: O he was a brave fellow, for he cou'd bully
a parson, and lift up his foot against a petticoat, 'till at
last he died of affright, at seeing the mistress of an ale-
house, where he sconced a welch-rabbit and a pint of
two-

two-penny, take up the kitchen poker to oblige him to pay his reckoning.

Shews a florid } This was the heart of a *real Cap-*
 red heart. } *tain*, courage and honour were its
 chief inhabitants; and humanity (the constant companion of true bravery) there had her throne. He was above eating the bread of idleness, and never got removed when his regiment was sent on service, nor ever fell sick on the eve of a battle. He was just and generous to his men, and they obey'd him thro' love. In Action he seem'd to be inform'd with the spirit of a lion; but the battle once over, he had the meekness of the lamb. He scorn'd to attempt the ruin of that sex which the brave shou'd ever defend; or to be the terror of a set of affrighted waiters or feeble watchmen. After he had been rais'd from an Ensign, by his merit alone, to the command of a company, there he stuck; for three subalterns, whose friends cou'd each raise a dozen votes at an election, the son of a commissary, and a nobleman's butler, being put over his head, he generously resign'd his commission (tho' not 'till the end of the war) and retired upon ill-paid half-pay to a cheap county, where he died without leaving even his tailors bill unpaid.

Shews a small } This is a *light* heart, the heart of
 heart. } a gay spark; one who knew life,
 he ruin'd his health, lost his reputation, spent his fortune, and perverted his morals, by *seeing* life. What a pity! This youth had real good parts; he despised in his heart the harlots who deceived him, he detested the sharpers he herded with, he loathed the insipid brutal pleasures of a midnight revel; and his soul shudder'd at the impieties and blasphemies he outwardly seem'd to approve. Yet he went on, in despite of the humanity he strove to stifle, and the checks of his conscience, which he drown'd in Wine, 'till he died of old age and a broken constitution before he had counted twenty four years, and left behind him the empty praise of being a goodnatured fellow.

Shewing

Shewing a green heart, with ears to it. } This cankered heart be-
 heart, with ears to it. } longed to an Usurer, a 20
 per-cent scoundrel, who lock'd up his gold 'till it was
 cankered as his heart. We have exhibited that part of
 this heart, which is vulgarly call'd the *deaf ears*.
 They were truly so with him, for he never was guilty
 of the least tenderness, but constantly deaf to every
 sound, but those of *Interest, premium, discount* cent per
 cent and *prompt payment*. His house was furnished
 with presents for forbearance, and his bread and meat
 came *gratis* from the butcher and baker, over whose
 heads he held the undischarged Bond. At home he
 abhorred gluttony and drunkenness, and never was
 guilty of either, unless at another person's table,
 where he got it free cost: then indeed, no member of
 Comus's court drank more, nor luxurious gownment
 fed more hearty. Yet this fellow in the change-alley
 language was called a *good man*. A young man
 came to him and being shown into the parlour, the old
 man said, "Well, Sir, do you come to lend or to bor-
 row?" "Sir, replied the youth, I want a little money
 on the reversion of my estate after the death of my
 father, who is seventy one."—Oh! if you only come
 to borrow, we can talk of that by one candle: (*Puts*
one out) times are very hard, and since so much tallow
 is used for hard soap, candles are at a most enormous
 price; Oh young man! times are very hard and money
 very scarce,—your father may live a many years, and
 you may die soon, (you must ensure your life and
 lodge the policy in my hands) youth is no security
 against death; let me see if you look hearty. Most of
 you young fellows now-a-days are rotten before you
 are ripe,—pretty well, (*looking thro' spectacles at him*)
 I can lend you the money upon your reversion it is very
 true, but I have no running cash, I must sell out—
 stocks are very low—3 per cents, fetch only 83 and
 $\frac{7}{8}$ ths. a great loss—you must be at that expence—I can't
 afford it—I have lost a great deal of money by being
 good-natured and lending it out.—Why there was last
 week, I was taken in for three hundred pounds that I
 lent to *Peter Needy* 17 years ago at 7 per cent—'Tis
 true

true the interest was regularly paid and now and then a guinea for forbearance, but the fellow died last week, and I have lost all the principle. But still I will let you have the money on the terms I told you of." This poor man's misfortunes were very great: One fatal morning, the rats finding nothing in his cupboard to eat, devoured three bonds, and a bill of sale, and the same day his maid swore a child to him. This quite destroy'd his reason, and the next morning poor *Issacker Barebones* was found hanging at the tester of his bed.

Shews a heart, } This heart labelled with the names
labelled. } of the most eminent philosophers,
once belonged to the Reverend Dr. Matthew Musty,
fellow of a college in one of our universities. There
he remained for four and forty years, and dogmatically
truded his opinion on every man who was not quite of
so long standing in the place. His ideas were contracted,
and his knowledge totally confined to books: for he was
as ignorant of the ways of mankind as if he alone occu-
pied the whole globe. He knew the policy of *Athens*,
Sparta and *Rome*; but not of his own country, of
which he wou'd not have remembered the name of
the reigning king, had he not been reminded of it at
church, and by drinking his health on a *scarlet gown*
Day. He cou'd tell you the exact breadth of the rivers,
Simois and *Scamander*, tho' he knew not that of the
Thames; and was better acquainted with the number
of *Stadia* between *Corinth* and *Lacedemon*, than the
miles between London and York. His language was
latin Anglified, and he scorned to condescend to the
capacities of the illiterate. One day standing at the
door of his college, he was accosted by a porter, who
ask'd him where he might find Mr. Freshman, a fellow
commoner of that college? to whom he gravely an-
swer'd, "Friend, thou must *crucifie* the *quadrangle*,
and *ascend* those *grades*, and thou wilt find him *per-*
ambulating in his *cubile*, near to the *fenestra*." The
astonish'd porter caught the last word, and submissively
demanded, whereabouts *fenestra* was? to whom Dr.
Musty graciously replied, "I find that thou art igno-
rant,

rant, that is, one of the *illiterati*, but I will instruct thee. Know then that the *fenestra* is the diaphanous part of the *edifice* raised for the *introduction* of *illumination*." The porter despairing of finding Mr. Freshman from the very clear directions of the Doctor, applied to one of the servitors who was not quite so learned. This learned Doctor having dreamed over his books, got drunk with college ale, smoaked nine pipes a day, and signalized himself by proving (in *no more*, than seven volumes in folio) that all the hounds in *Diana's* pack were Bitches; he broke his heart because he cou'd not find one bookseller who wou'd undertake the impression of that erudite performance.

Shews a heart trans- } This heart transfixed with
fixed with pens. } two pens, the badges of his
profession, was once in the breast of Mr. *Laurence Latitat*, attorney of chancery-lane. He was a keen man—knew all the law, and understood every loop-hole thereof; but why need I describe him, when the salutary advice he gave to a young fellow, that was put as a clerk to him, will best shew his qualifications. Taking the youth one day into his study, and making him sit down, "young man (said he) I have an extreme regard for your family; I love your father as well as I do a fat Cause; and for his sake I will endeavour to make you master of your business. Mind therefore what I say to you; and profit by my council. The first thing necessary in our profession is to have a bailiff, a few witnesses, and a clerk in court, at your disposal; with these strings to your bow, you may undertake any thing, and risque every thing. In all professions there are certain *rigid people*, who make a point of doing their duty, and boggle at the smallest proposal. Never have any thing to do with such folks; they are a parcel of brutes who are good for nothing. But then, there are, happily, a greater number of *good natured men*, whom want or avarice render *sociable*, and who will *do any thing for money*. It is upon their poverty or covetousness that clever attorneys found their success in all difficult cases; for an attorney who does
nothing

nothing but what is regular and in strict form, will seldom keep his coach. But if you will copy after me, I will lay *Ruffhed's edition of the statutes at large* to a halfpenny dying speech, that in ten years after you are out of your clerkship, you shall have ruined forty families, and have acquired the fee simples of ten good farms in *Comitatū Middlesex*. I perceive young man you have a natural love for money, and act therefore half an attorney already; but to get to the head of your profession in a short time, you must be *hard* and *pityless*, especially to those pigeons who are worth plucking. Never engage in a cause but where either the plaintiff or the defendant have the *bona notabilia*. Never agree to any arbitration or compromise if you can possibly avoid it. Study delay, and always strive that a cause may grow grey headed in your office, before it comes to a final conclusion."

This honest man met with a most tragical end, in a most comical manner; for going one day with a landlord to make a seizure, an old woman of the house ran a spit into that fatal part where *More of More-hall* gave the *Dragon* of Wantley his death's wound, and he died in consequence of that *forcible Entry*.

THE TRUE BORN ENGLISHMAN;

O R;

RIGHTS OF MAN IN A RIGHT LIGHT.

SUNG BY MR. MEADOWS, THEATRE, WHITBY.

(*Meadows.*)

Tune---Bow Wow.

COME neighbours, friends and countrymen, and
listen to my story,
An English Bull-dog *here am I*; and come to bark
before ye,

A blunt

A blunt and surly cur I am, discerning wrong from
 right, Sir,
 Disinterested, for I *always*, bark, before I bite, Sir.
 Bow Wow Wow, &c.

Why what a plaguy pother's made, about the Con-
 stitution,
 The Rights of Man, Tom Paine, and a counter Revo-
 lution,
 As if that *Loyal Britons* did not know without direct-
 ing,
 Their *Freedom* and their *native rights* and when they
 want *protecting*.
 Bow Wow Wow, &c.

Why have not we the privilege of getting all we can,
 Sirs,
 Both lords and lacqueys, poets, players and coblers to
 a man, Sirs,
 From chancellors to chimney-sweepers in their several
 states, Sirs,
 Don't every *true born Briton* think himself a king so
 great, Sirs.
 Bow Wow Wow, &c.

The *Jolly Tar*, returning home, meets every social
 pleasure,
 Enjoys his friend, his can, his lass, and spends his well
 earn'd treasure,
 The *Soldier* gets his king's esteem, the *Invalid* a pen-
 sion,
 Each *husband* gets a *wife*, and sometimes (more*)
 that I could mention.
 Bow Wow Wow, &c.

(*Horns.)

The

The politician gets a seat, tho' void of any great sense,
 The parson gets the tythe pig, the lawyer six and
 eight-pence,
 The thief enjoys a halter, what his life for years pre-
 sages,
 And Saturday night comes once a week, with every
 poor man's wages.

Bow Wow Wow, &c.

Our rights in charter well we know, mechanics,
 princes, traders,
 Is to protect our property from levellers and in-
 vaders,
 Our lives to guard, and then in wars, when e'er our
 foes create 'em,
 We jointly take the cudgels, and with blows prepare
 to meet 'em,

Bow Wow Wow, &c.

Since loyalty then reigns so firm; its blessings ever
 sing, Sir,
 While Englishmen with one accord, thus hail their
 Sovereign King, Sir,
 Huzza him o'er the flowing bowl, nay more let no-
 thing part ye,
 'Till round you've drank *confusion* to the Democratic
 Party,

Bow Wow Wow, &c.

Permit your most obedient, humbly now to take his
 leave, Sir,
 And hoping I've offended none, by barking as I have,
 Sir,
 For a Loyal Dog I am, and such I think will ne'er
 disgrace me,
 If any one objects it here, why boldly let him face me,
 Bow Wow Wow, &c.

FAT

FAT DOLLY THE COOK. (*Cawdell.*)

OH lovely Dolly fat and sleek, when standing by
the fire,
Her shining neck and greasy cheek, inflam'd my fond
desire,
But when the kitchen fire she stir'd, she scorch'd my
very liver,
And as the mutton turn'd, I burn'd; we roasted both
together,

Tol lol lol, &c.

How often have I sigh'd and pin'd to see her make a
pudding,
To see her put the spice and wine and other matters
good in,
But when the plumbs she pick'd so sweet, poor I was
sure to rue it,
And as the mutton fat she skin'd, I curst the plumbs
and suet,

Tol lol lol, &c.

No partridge, pheasant, cock or hare, could come
within the larder,
But little I was sure to share, 'twas that made me re-
gard her,
And then a sop in the pan so sweet--so nice--so brown
and savoury,
That tho' my master got the meat--'twas I got all the
gravy,

Tol lol lol, &c.

A fire she's made within my breast, without the help
of fuel,
A Calves-head on my shoulder's plac'd, my soul is
water gruel,
Wou'd but Pythagoras set me free, from a life of me-
lancholy,
A little turnspit dog I'd be, and turn the wheel for
Dolly,

Tol lol lol, &c.

AN OLD CHAPTER OF PLAYERS.

OLD Shakespeare taught us long ago,
 From Infancy to Age,
 That all mankind *were* Players,
 And that all the World's a Stage ;
 And a playing, &c.

Some people will in earnest play,
 While others play in jest,
 Some few will play a double part,
 Fair play is always best ;
 And a playing, &c.

The heedless man who goes to law,
 Oft plays with an edge tool,
 For while the lawyer plays the knave,
 His client plays the fool ;
 And a playing, &c.

Young soldiers play the hero's part,
 And talk of damn'd hard duty,
 Old statesmen boast economy,
 But all the while play booty ;
 And a playing, &c.

The wife will sometimes play the truant,
 The husband play the grub,
 The scrub will play the gentleman,
 The gentleman the scrub ;
 And a playing, &c.

The borrower oft plays too loose,
 The lender plays too tight,
 The creditor would fain play sure,
 The debtor least in sight ;
 And a playing, &c.

Good

Good lord! how folks mistake their parts,
 By taking that for this,
 For little Miss will play Mamma,
 And fat Mamma play Miss;

And a playing, &c.

If Miss the matron plays too soon,
 What then it's quite in vogue,
 Is nymph or swain to blame--- poor things---
 They only play'd the rogue;

And a playing, &c.

The prude will play the hypocrite,
 The wanton the coquette,
 Old maids must play a solo part,
 Brisk widows a duett;

And a playing, &c.

The fribble plays the monkey's part,
 While full of roar and revel,
 Your bucks and bloods and jolly dogs,
 Will play the very devil;

And a playing, &c.

The scolding wife plays hell on earth,
 And storms and raves and teazes,
 But a sweet good natured wife will play,
 What part her husband pleases;

And a playing, &c.

When all these trifling scenes are past,
 And life's last act is o'er,
 When death does let the curtain drop,
 And we can play no more;

No more playing &c.

And,

And who played beggar, who play'd king,
 Will not be then the test,
 The only question then will be,
 Who play'd his part the best ;
 When a playing they did go—did go—did go—
 When a playing they did go.

ADDRESS

IN CHARACTER OF TIME.

BEHOLD a form whose all destructive hand,
 Has slain more millions than the warrior band,
 Towers, castles, cities, spires, in vain arise,
 And proudly emulous insult the skies,
 Beauty, wit, valour, majesty and power,
 Shrink at my touch as beings of an hour ;
 Forms I destroy, but in return they claim,
 What I but seldom give—that nothing—Fame.
 By maids grown old I'm spurn'd and trod upon,
 And courted by the heir 'till twenty one,
 Then I may wait---not I---I stay for none. }
 The virgin anxious for the nuptial life,
 Begs me to move--- 'till when? 'till made a wife,
 Tir'd of her spouse, she bids me still go on,
 And begs me to destroy the fated drone ;
 A widow next, how slow old time proceeds !
 No comforter can see her, in her weeds ;
 The tedious monster halt---'till what? 'till when ?
 She wipes--- no tears away--- and weds again ;
 Wretches condemn'd, will swear I seem to fly,
 And hasten on, the joyless hour to die ;
 Ladies and beaus, disdain the nauseous fright,
 And swear I make'em ugly out of spite ;
 Wrinkles I give--- but who this truth denies ?
 Time and experience often make you wise ;
 Experience! says a wit--- why on my life !
 That silly hag, must be the monster's wife ;

Can

Can he require a wife? yes, by the bye---
 Some have been wed'd--- almost as old as I;
 Yet youth elate, and beauty in its prime,
 Fear death nor pain, no enemy but time;
 Tho' sometimes I restore the captive free,
 And give the woe torn mind tranquility,
 I cheer the mourner, and relieve the slave,
 And shed eternal laurels o'er the brave;
 Ladies this emblematic glass and scythe,
 Enough to frighten any soul alive;
 You say, perhaps, it's time I shou'd depart,
 A modest hint! I like it from my heart; (*going*)
 But hold, I've done what I ne'er did before,
 Return'd, good folks, to tell you something more;
 Time whose proud rove disdains to be confin'd,
 Brings endless pleasures to the guiltless mind,
 Gay move the hours along the sportive scene,
 The heart unclouded and the breast serene,
 Nor shall the soul-elating joy be o'er,
 When pain, and death, and time shall be no more;
 Methinks by this 'tis time I venture in,
 At least 'tis time our players shoud begin;
 But first suppose I condescend to bow?
 Thus he who levels all, submits to you.

MISS BAILEY;

(*with additions.*)

SUNG BY Mr. DAVIS, IN THE FARCE OF LOVE LAUGHS
 AT LOCK-SMITHS.

A Captain bold in Hallifax, who dwelt in country
 quarters,
 Seduc'd a maid, who hang'd herself one morning in
 her garters,

His

His wicked conscience smited him, he lost his stomach
 daily,
 He took to drinking common gin, and thought upon
 Miss Bailey;
 Oh Miss Bailey ! unfortunate Miss Bailey !
 Unfortunate Miss Bailey !

One night betimes he went to bed, for he had caught
 a fever,
 Says he I am a handsome man, but I'm a gay deceiver,
 His candle just at twelve o'clock, began to burn quite
 palely,
 A Ghost stept up to his bedside, and said behold Miss
 Bailey.

Avaunt Miss Bailey then he cried, your face looks
 white and mealy,
 Dear Captain Smith the ghost replied, you've used me
 ungenteeley,
 The crowner's quest goes hard with me, because I've
 acted frailly,
 And Parson Biggs wont bury me, tho' I am dead Miss
 Bailey.

Dear ghost, says he, since you and I, accounts must
 once for all close,
 I've got a one pound note in my regimental small
 cloths,
 'Twill bribe the sexton for your grave, the ghost then
 vanish'd gaily,
 Crying bless you wicked Captain Smith, remember
 poor Miss Bailey.

Next morn his man rapt at his door, he cried, oh John,
 come dress me,
 Miss Bailey's got my one pound note, cried John, good
 heaven bless me,

I would

I would not mind if she had ta'en no more than all
 your riches,
 But with your one pound, by gad, she's stole your lea-
 ther breeches;
 Oh Miss Bailey! that wicked ghost Miss Bailey!
 that wicked ghost Miss Bailey.

FOUR-AND-TWENTY PERRIWIGS.

SUNG BY MR. EDWIN.

FOUR-and-twenty perriwigs all on a row,
 Four-and-twenty perriwigs all on a row,
 There were tye-wigs, wry wigs, powder and pomatum,
 Friz away to make 'em gay,
 And look so proud, among the croud, down below,
 Because it was my Lord Mayor's show,
 Therefore let us be merry.

Four-and-twenty philosophers all on a row,—there
 was peeping at the moon, in the afternoon, to find
 out—tye wigs, wry wigs, &c.

Four-and-twenty maidens all on a row,—there was
 my sweetheart will be here to-night,—peeping at the
 moon &c.

Four-and-twenty watchmen all on a row,—there was
 past ten o'clock,—my sweetheart will be here to-night,
 —peeping at the moon, &c.

Four-and-twenty gormondizers all on a row,—there
 was Alderman Swallow-pudding on the right hand,
 and Deputy Marrow-fat on the left,—there was give
 me a clean plate, hob nob, more green fat,—and there
 they were at it till—past ten o'clock, &c.

Four

Four-and-twenty turtles all on a row,—there was odds fish, what the d—l shall we do, what will become of they and I and you, for there's—Alderman Swallow-pudding, &c.

Four-and-twenty actresses all on a row,—there was, how do you like your part, ma'am? I'm quite pleas'd with mine; but then if the piece should be da—ed;—odds fish, what the, &c.

Four-and-twenty boxers all on a row,—there was squaring and sparring, knock down blows and stopping well, queering his peepers and letting the day-light into his skull, upon a stage 24 feet square;—how do you like your part? &c.

Four-and-twenty Israelites all on a row,—there was, I can't eat any more pork, it makes me sick, any old cloaths to sell, shoes, hats, or old wigs;—there was squaring and sparring, knock down blows and stopping well, queering his peepers, and letting the day-light into his skull, upon a stage 24 feet square;—how do you like your part, ma'am; I'm quite pleas'd with mine, but then if the piece should be da—ned;---odds fish, what the d---l shall we do, what will become of they and I and you; for there's Alderman Swallow pudding on the right hand, and Deputy Marrow Fat on the left, and there was, give me a clean plate, hob nob, more green fat, and there they were at it till--- past ten o'clock;---my sweetheart will be here to-night;---peeping at the moon, in the afternoon, to find out;---tye wigs, wry wigs, powder and pomatum, friz away, to make 'em gay, and look so proud among the crowd, down below, because it is my Lord Mayor's show, therefore let us be merry.

THE CHAPTER OF FASHIONS.

(T. Dibdin.)

Tune, "Chapter of Kings."

FASHION was form'd when the world began,
 And *Adam* I'm told was a very smart man,
 As for *Eve* I shall say nothing more nor less,
 But that ladies of fashion now copy her dress ;
 Sobarring all pother, of this, that, or t'other,
 We all bow to fashion in turn.

The fashion next came to hunting poor brutes,
 And Nimrod invented the fashion of boots,
 For he was a buck tho' he hadn't a wife,
 And never saw Bond-street perhaps in his life ;
 But barring all pother, &c.

Our barons of old— wore comical cloaths,
 And their shoes were square toed, yellow worsted their
 hose,
 Your Henry's and Edward's, were famous for dress,
 But ale and beef-stakes were the fashion with Bess,
 So barring all pother, &c.

In the reign of King Charles, you distinguish'd a prig,
 By the length of his cane, and the size of his wig,
Cromwell's hats were all broad, and his head it was
 round,
 And his hair hung like candles, sixteen to the pound ;
 But barring all pother, &c.

The tories wore *wigs*, in the reign of Queen Anne,
 Now *wigs* suit the female, as well as the man,
 No *crops*, but in corn fields, you'd formerly meet,
 Now there's few in the fields, and enough in the street ;
 So barring all pother, &c.

However

However, the fashions are subject to change,
 One fashion remains if it didn't 'twere strange
 'Twas always the fashion, each Englishman knows,
 To be true to our King, and to humble our foes;
 But barring all pother, &c.

Now fashion's arrived at a wonderful height,
 For what's borish at noon, is quite stilish at night,
 So they bore ye with stile, and they stile you a bore;
 As perhaps you may me, if I sing any more;
 So without any pother, of this, that, or 'tother,
 I'll e'en take my leave and begone.

OLD NICK

AND HIS

BROTHER THE EMPEROR; (J. Hall.)

A new Comic Song.

Tune, "Good Queen Bess."

BRITANNIA'S son's, I pray attend, come listen
 to my story,
 And circumstances dark and strong, with truth I'll lay
 before ye,
 Relating to that *Corsican*, headlong tyranizer,
 Who 'till he gets what he deserves, will ne'er be any
 wiser;
 'Till taught by you, Britannia's sons, who ever
 staunch and hearty,
 May face the devil, and defy his brother *Buonaparte*.

The french republicans, they slew their king to gain
 their freedom,
 And since that horrid deed was done the devil seems to
 lead'em,

Fair

Fair freedom heretofore was found, in France with
 partiality,
 But Bonny chains down all alike, and surely that's
 equality.

'Till taught, &c.

Could he his end accomplish but thus Bonny would
 prevail, Sir, 16

A second Alexander he, but on a larger scale, Sir,
 His principle's ambition, all the world to inthrall, Sir,
 Which we find to be grounded, on no principle at all,
 Sir.

'Till taught, &c.

He's play'd his hellish tricks around his wretched
 neighbouring nations,
 Who once were bless'd, but now thro' him, may
 curse their situations,

But his career is rather stopt, by one tight little king-
 dom,

That dare presume to see the day, his consequence to
 bring down.

'Till taught, &c.

Says Bonny to his trembling slaves, you know that
 war our trade is,

To plunder and get riches,—yea and all the finest
 ladies,

And for the purpose you will find, proud England most
 befitting,

That's true indeed, quoth Jonny Bull, but pray how
 will you get in.

'Till taught, &c.

To tie a bell about the cat, a mouse in council broaches,
 To tinkle them upon ther guard, when tabby puss
 approaches,

Quoth one sage mouse, I own the scheme conducive
 to our wellfare,

But tell me pray who'll undertake, to go and tie the
 bell there.

'Till taught, &c.

With

With all the gun-boats they've in hand, and every
 preparation,
 Suppose them now so far compleat, as on the embark-
 ation,
 Let them upon the ocean launch, and meet with John
 Bull's navy,
 Then they must a pop visit pay, respectful to *old davy*.
 'Till taught, &c.

Suppose now on Britannia's coast, two hundred thou-
 sand landed,
 And by great Buonaparte himself, the poor rogues
 were commanded,
 The undertaking it would prove, this Bonny but a
 younker,
 For to their sorrow they would find, they'd English-
 men to conquer.
 'Till taught, &c.

While we possess the spirit bold, that made our fathers
 glorious,
 The world against us may combine, and still we'll
 prove victorious,
 While we maintain our sacred rights,—laws, king and
 constitution,
 Our consequence as English-men, shall ne'er meet
 dissolution.
 'Till taught, &c.

Let's drink success to all our forces, both by sea and
 land, Sir,
 May truth and justice smiling go before them hand
 in hand, Sir,
 That long we may protect those rights, from which
 our blessings spring, Sir,
 And live with joy to bless great George, our Sovereign
 Lord the King, Sir,
 And ever may Britannia's sons, with glee and rapture
 sing, Sirs,
 "Rule Britannia" and god bless, our Sovereign Lord
 the King, Sir.

THE

THE EFFUSIONS OF FANCY;

O R,

'TIS BUT A DREAM;

A HUMOROUS DRAMATIC VISION.

AS RECITED BY MR. MEADOWS, THEATRE, WHITBY.

TIR'D with the tedious service of the stage,
 The wrongs of Lear and Zanga's vengeful rage;
 Some friendly elbow-chair receiv'd my weight,
 Where prop'd before the near exhausted grate, }
 I clos'd my drowsy eyes, and snor'd in state.
 Methought I stood amidst a spacious court
 Of antic shapes, a general resort.
 Where high advanc'd, imperial Garrick sat,
 In all the mockery of mimic state:
 Here rang'd the fool, the pedant and the page,
 With lisping infancy, and bearded age.

But passing vulgar times regardless by,
 Towards the throne I cast a wond'ring eye;
 Where stood a matchless form, brimful of mirth,
 [For humour's God presided at his birth]
 Of ample bulk, round paunch, and jocund face,
 The first in excellence, as first in place;
 And thus he cry'd---" Boy, bring a cup of sack---
 " Plague on all cowards---Go thy ways, old Jack.
 " Die when thou wilt, if courage be n't forgot,---
 " Cramp this plump carcase in a gallipot!
 " Well, soon or late, old Honesty must die---
 " Come, sirrah, t'other cup, for sorrow's dry*.

Close to the pamper'd knight, a fustian knave,
 In phrase heroic loudly seem'd to rave;
 Big were his looks, and stately was his stride,
 Like dunghill cock, majestically wide.

*Sir John Falstaff in Henry the Fourth.

" Base

“ Base Phrygian Turk !” he thus began to rant,
 “ Shall Pistol yield ? No, by the Gods, he sha’nt !
 “ First, crush, consume, my stout Herculean blade,
 “ Bankrupt the fates, and cheat ’em of their trade*

The next, which neither male, nor female seem’d,
 A very slip of nature might be deem’d ;
 For woman’s fear possess’d the soul of man,
 And thus the dubious animal began :

“ How can you serve me so, you naughty creature ?
 “ I vow, miss, you’re the giddiest thing in nature,
 “ Egad, you’ve flurried me to such a tune,
 “ That lud my drops, my drops, or I shall swoon.†

Rage, grief, distraction, pictur’d in his face,
 Hear hobb’ling avarice unfold his case.

“ Rogues ! rascals ! thieves ! I’m dead, I’m murder’d, slain !

“ My gold ! my gold ! give me my gold again---

“ What ? Who ? Where ? When I’m into madness hurl’d ;

“ I’ll hang, drown, burn myself, and all the world.‡

The next a fop ordain’d to shine a peer,
 To move in vanity’s exalted sphere,
 And with soft nonsense charm the female ear. }
 Light were his heels, yet lighter was his head ;
 And thus he spoke, while thus his nose he fed.

“ Gad’s curse ! this qualitie’s a charming thing,

“ O ! the delights of park, play, ball, and ring.

“ Your ladyship’s slave---my lard, I kiss your hand ;

“ Well, stap my vitals now, ’tis vastly grand.||

Not far, with awkward mien, and shambling pace,
 A genuine son of nature took his place, }
 The simple wit of some unletter’d race.

*Pistol, Henry Fourth.

†Fribble,--Miss in her Teens.

‡Lovegold,--Miser.

||Lord Foppington, Relapse.

" Weast heart ! he cry'd, I'm glad I've fun ye aut,
 " Laud ! measter, measter ! such a waundy rout !
 " Some devil's prank or oother aw th' lung day
 " Well ! marcy on us, whoam is whoam, I say.*

The next an honest tho' a formal fool,
 Who spokè by method, and who laugh'd by rule.
 Each step, each look was uniformly just,
 And ev'ry step was measur'd by the first.
 He ! he ! he ! he ! your honour has no par---
 " You'll pardon me for being jocular ;
 " Albeit, there are three reasons good, therefore
 " First nature willeth---stay---let's shut the door.†

Not least in name, appear'd amidst the ring
 The face of winter in the garb of spring:
 Taste rul'd his head, and gallantry his heart ;
 Age and disease possess'd each other part.
 " This cursed cough ! here Brush, the eau de luce,
 " So, pretty well---Canton, you dog, what news ?
 " Hey, by the lord, this girl has made me new,
 " All powerful love can ever pain subdue,
 " O curse that twinge !---the deuce, 'twill never do.‡

Starch'd was the next, and strait was every lock,
 The simple shepherd of a simpler flock,
 By cant misled, and vague, excentric Bawl,
 He cries—" I wants to preach, I've had a call,
 " We us,d to keep a shop, sell beer and gin,
 " But I don't know, I thinks it is a sin ;
 " So now I prays, and reads and prays again,
 " And they says, as how, I've turn'd my brain."

Here thro' the court a murm'ring laugh was heard,
 When lo, a son of comic mirth appear'd :
 Rous'd from the midnight slumbers of his bed,
 One stocking grac'd his heel, and one his head.

*John Moody, Provok'd Husband.

†Vellum, Drummer.

‡Lord Ogleby, Clandestine Marriage.

" Thieves !

“Thieves! murder! popery! loud roard the knave,
 “O! dear Sir, take my life, spare all I have:
 “Down on your marrow bones! O Lord! O Lord!
 “Just five and forty, Sir, with fire and sword.”*

The next a motley slave, whose sable face,
 Bespoke a man of Afric's sooty race;
 Beneath a pond'rous hamper seem'd oppress'd;
 And thus the loit'ring rogue himself address'd.
 “Dam old massa, now! curse him old head!
 “Send me one devil errand, till me dead;
 “Here, dere, up, down, by day, by night—old dog,
 “He make me toily, like a mule, by gog.”†

And now by phrensy forc'd, a ghost to follow,
 Was seen a prince, a gentleman, and scholar;
 Whose filial duty wrought his troubl'd mind,
 His father's foe and murderer to find.
 The players ready urg'd by his direction,
 Hold forth the bane of woman's disaffection.
 A father kill'd; what son this act can pardon?
 His name Gonzago—murder'd in the *Garden*.

“Let the stricken deer go weep,
 “The hart ungall'd go play;
 “Some will watch while others sleep;
 “So runs the world away.”‡

Thus far mine eye receiv'd the mimic crowd
 When, lo! the nightly watchman bawling loud,
 With wonted accent roar'd “past one o'clock,”
 That frighted fancy trembled at the shock;
 The powerful sound upon my slumber broke,
 I started, rub'd mine eyes and so awoke.

*Scrub, Stratagem.

†Mungo, Padlock.

‡Hamlet.

A NEW COMIC BURLESQUE, POETIC, MOC-TERRIFIC TALE,
 Selected and abridged from "Colman's Broad Grins," called,

THE MAID OF THE MOOR;

OR,

Lord Hoppergollops Cook-maid, and Gardener's Ghost.

(*G. Colman, Jun. Esq.*)

AS RECITED BY Mr. MEADOWS, THEATRE, BEVERLEY.

ON a wild moor all brown and bleak,
 Where broods the heath frequenting grouse,
 There stood a tenement antique,
 Lord Hoppergollops country house;
 Neglected mansion, for 'tis said,
 Whene'er the snow came feathering down,
 Four barbed steeds from the kings head,
 Carried thy master up to town;
 Swift whirl'd the wheels, he's gone, a rose
 Remains behind, whose virgin look,
 Unseen, must blush in wintry snows,
 Sweet beautiful blossom, 'twas the Cook;
 A bolder far than my weak note,
Maid of the Moor, thy charms demand;
 Eels might be proud to loose their coat,
 If skinn'd by Molly Dumpling's hand;
 Long had the fair one sat alone,
 Had none remain'd save only she,
 She by herself had been, if one
 Had not been left for company;
 'Twas a tall youth whose cheek's clear hue
 Was tinged with health and manly toil,
 Cabbage he sow'd, and when it grew,
 He always cut it up to boil;
 A small mute favourite by day,
 Follow'd his steps, where e'er he wheels
 His barrow round the garden gay,
 A Bobtail cur is at his heels;

Hard

Hard toil'd the youth so fresh and strong,
 While Bobtail in his face would look,
 And mark his master trill the song,
 "Sweet Molly Dumpling, O thou cook;"
 Ah not averse from love was she,
 Tho' pure as heaven's snowey flake,
 Both lov'd, and tho' a Gardener he,
 He knew not what it was to rake;
 Cold blows the blast, the night's obscure,
 The mansion's crazy wainscots crack,
 The sun had sunk, and all the moor,
 Like every other moor was black;
 Alone, pale, trembling, near the fire,
 The lovely Molly Dumpling sat,
 Much did she fear, and much admire,
 What Thomas Gardener cou'd be at;
 Listening, her hand supports her chin,
 But ah! no foot is heard to stir,
 He comes not from the garden in,
 Nor he, nor little Bobtail cur;
 She paces thro' the hall antique,
 To call her Thomas from his toil,
 Opens the huge door, the hinges creek,
 Because the hinges wanted oil;
 Thrice on the threshold of the hall,
 She "Thomas" cried, with many a sob,
 And thrice on Bobtail did she call,
 Exclaiming sweetly, "Bob, bob, bob;"
 Back thro' the hall she bent her way,
 All all was solitude around,
 The candle shed a feeble ray,
 Tho' a large mould of four to th' pound;
 Full closely to the fire she drew,
 A down her cheek a salt tear stole,
 When lo a coffin out their flew,
 And in her apron burnt a hole;
 Spiders their busy death watch tick'd,
 A certain sign that fate will frown,
 The clumsy kitchen clock, chick'd, chick'd,
 A certain sign it was not down;

More

More strong and strong her terrors rose,
 Her shaddow did the maid appal,
 She trembled at her lovely nose,
 It look'd so long against the wall ;
 Up to her chamber damp and cold,
 She climb'd Lord Hoppergollop's stair,
 Three stories high, long, dull and old,
 As great lord's stories often are ;
 All nature now appeared to pause,
 And o'er the one half world seem'd dead,
 No curtain sleep had she— because,
 She had no curtains to her bed ;
 Listening she lay— with iron din,
 The clock struck twelve, the door flew wide,
 When Thomas grimly slid in,
 With little Bobtail by his side ;
 Tall like the poplar was his size,
 Green, green his waistcoat was as leeks,
 Red, red as beet root were his eyes,
 And pale as turnips were his cheeks ;
 Soon as the spectre she espied,
 The fear struck damsel faintly said,
 What wou'd my Thomas, he replied,
 Oh Molly Dumpling I am dead !
 All in the flower of youth I fell,
 Cut off with healthful blossom crown'd,
 I was not ill but in a well,
 I tumbl'd backwards and was drown'd ;
 Four fathom deep thy love doth lie,
 His faithful dog his fate doth share,
 We're *fiends* this is not he nor I,
 We are not here, for we are there ;
 Yes two foul water fiends are we,
Maid of the Moor, attend us now,
 Thy hour's at hand we come for thee,
 The little fiend cur said “ bow wow ; ”
 The fiends approach, the maid did shrink,
 Swift thro' the night's foul air they spin,
 They took her to the green well's brink,
 And with a souce they plump'd her in ;

So true the fair, so true the youth,
 Maids to this day their story tell,
 And hence the proverb rose that truth,
 Lies in the bottom of a well.

ABRAHAM NEWLAND;

With additions and alterations, (by the Author.)

(C. T. Dibdin.)

AS SUNG BY MR. MEADOWS, THEATRES, WHITBY,
 RIPON, &c.

THERE ne'er was a name so bandied by fame,
 Thro' air, thro' ocean and thro' land,
 As one that is wrote, upon every bank note,
 And you all must know Abraham Newland,
 Oh Abraham Newland,
 Notified Abraham Newland,
 I've heard people say, sham *Abraham* you may;
 But you must not sham *Abraham Newland*.

For fashion or arts, should you seek foreign parts,
 It matters not wherever you land,
 Jew, Christian or Greek, the same language they speak,
 That's the language of Abraham Newland,
 Oh Abraham Newland,
 Wonderful Abraham Newland,
 Whatever you lack— you will get in a crack,
 By the credit of Abraham Newland.

But what do you think, without victuals or drink,
 You may tramp like the wandering jew land,
 From Turkey to Dover, nay all the world over,
 If a stranger to Abraham Newland,
 Oh Abraham Newland,
 Astonishing Abraham Newland,

Tho'

Tho' with compliments cram'd you may die and be
damn'd,
If you hav'n't an *Abraham Newland*.

The world is inclin'd, to think justice is blind,
Lawyers know very well, they can view land,
But lord what of that, why she'll blink like a bat,
At the sight of an *Abraham Newland*,

Oh *Abraham Newland*,
Magical *Abraham Newland*,
Tho' justice 'tis known can see thro' a millstone,
She can't see thro' *Abraham Newland*.

The doctor comes next, for a share of my text,
If death threatens you to bring to land,
Whether you're sick or you are well, all disorders he'll
tell,

If you'll tip him an *Abraham Newland*,
Ah *Abraham Newland*,
Medicinal *Abraham Newland*,
With lotions and pills, he will cure all your ills,
For a large dose of *Abraham Newland*.

Your patriots who bawl for the good of us all,
Kind souls here like mushrooms they strew land,
Tho' loud as a drum each proves *orator mum*,
If attack'd by stout *Abraham Newland*,

Oh *Abraham Newland*,
Invincible *Abraham Newland*,
No arguments found, in this world half so sound,
As the logic of *Abraham Newland*.

If a maid of three score, or a dozen years more,
For a husband should chance to sigh thro' land,
I'm vastly afraid she would not die a maid,
If acquainted with *Abraham Newland*,

Oh *Abraham Newland*,
Deluding *Abraham Newland*,
Tho' crooked and cross, she'd not be at a loss,
Thro' the friendship of *Abraham Newland*.

The

The French say they are coming, but sure they are humming,

I know what they want if they do land,
We'll make their ears ring, in defence of our king,
Our country and Abraham Newland,
Oh Abraham Newland,
Darling Abraham Newland,
No tri-coloured elf, nor the devil himself,
Shall e'er rob us of Abraham Newland.

Thus for Abraham's smiles, are all practising wiles,
And cheating and chattering thro' land,
Till death he pops in with his comical grin,
And a night-cap for Abraham Newland,
Oh Abraham Newland,
The bell tolls for Abraham Newland,
For when death he comes by, you know life's all my eye,
So good night to friend Abraham Newland.

THE CAKE-MAN;

O R,

ALL MY EYE AND PEGGY MARTIN.

AS SUNG BY Mr. DAVIS, THEATRES, ULVERSTON, KENDAL,
&c.

Tune,-- "I made love to Kate."

HERE am I so gay, in hopes to make you merry,
Come buy my cakes so fine, encourage little Jerry,
The world you will agree, of different things partakes,
We're all one family, and form'd like different cakes.

(*Spoken.*)

To be sure we are, there's your hot cakes, and your cold cakes, your dry cakes, and your shy cakes, your tea cakes, and your sea cakes, your bride cakes, and your

your burial cakes, for my part, I recommend every one of them—so—

(SUNG.)

Buy my cakes so fine, they're genuine I'm certain,
But if the truth I tell, It's all my eye and Peggy Martin.

A *wit* he is a *short-cake*, and 'tis very clear,
If he lives by *wit* 'tis *short* enough I fear,
A *miser* is a *gripe-cake*, surely you may trust,
The best that we can say— he's but a *mouldy-crust*,

(Spoken.)

I met a miser t'other day— “hark ye! fellow,” says he, “are your cakes made of the best flour?”— O yes, Sir, says I, upon my honour— “upon your honour, you rascal! who the devil gave you any honour? when I was in trade I never had any honour;” egad he had me there,— so I pocketed his cash and cried—

(SUNG.)

Buy my cakes so fine, of this I'm sure and certain,
If you trust a miser's honour, it's all my eye and Peggy Martin.

We may now compare, your *bachelors* to *dry-cakes*,
To *lemon-cakes*, *old-maids*, and your *prudes*, to *shy-cakes*,

A *fop* unto a *gilt-cake*, only made for shew,
Each pretty miss a *bride-cake*, would gladly have you know.

(Spoken.)

Few young ladies, I believe, but what are fond of a *bride-cake*, tho' they all say, “don't talk to me of a husband, I hate the nasty men—I'll never be married.” Not 'till somebody will have you Miss, says I— so take my advice.

(SUNG.)

A *bride-cake* buy so nice, they're genuine I'm certain,
If you say, you hate the men,— It's all my eye and Peggy Martin.

A lover

A lover is a *heart-cake*, softened by his fair,
 A beauty is a *queen-cake*, that drives him to despair,
 Of species made so pat, a lawyer is a *ban-cake*,
 His client is a flat, and therefore call'd a *pan-cake*.

(Spoken.)

I don't know how it is, but the law always bothers me,
 it puts me in mind of a coffin, when once you're in, the
 devil a bit can you get out again,—so sooner than
 meddle or make,—

(SUNG.)

I cry my cakes so fine, of this I'm sure and certain,
 If lawyers tell a tale, its all my eye and Peggy Martin.

A patriot is a *tea-cake*, moulded of the best,
 A sailor's like his *bis-cake*, that long will stand the test,
 A doctor is a *worm-cake*, sure you will agree,
 When once he gives the *pill-cake*, he pockets snug the
 fee.

(Spoken.)

A german doctor came to attend my wife when she
 was dying,—“ah!” says he—“Dis is a very pad
 country for de people's health! de people do die so fast
 in dis country.” Doctor, says I, I should be very much
 obliged to you if you would tell me the country where
 people do *not* die. Egad I had him there---

(SUNG.)

So, I cry my cakes so fine, my wife is dead I'm certain,
 But for me to grieve and pine,---is all my eye and
 Peggy Martin.

A player well you know, will often prove a *rum-cake*,
 A husband now and then, will wish his wife a *dumb-*
cake,

May every one that's here, always prove a *sound-cake*,
 And never be in want, of Abra'm Newland's *pound-*
cake.

(Spoken.)

So you see the world's made up of cakes--- a *beau's* a *sweet-cake*--- a *citizen's* a *plumb-cake*--- a *bailiff's* a *wry-cake*--- and to make up the batch--- little *Buonaparte's* a *puff-cake*, who, if ever he dare venture to meet our brave tars, will be saluted with a few *round-cakes*, that he'll find damn'd hard to digest, and if ever he attempts an invasion---

(SUNG.)

Our soldiers, and our seamen too of this I'm sure and certain,

Will tell great Buonaparte---it's all my eye and Peggy Martin.

A NEW OCCASIONAL ADDRESS.

SPOKEN BY MRS. JOHNSTONE, THEATRE-ROYAL, BATH.

(Meyler)

WHEN the bleak winds, in winter's hoary reign,
Bind up the waters in his icy chain,
When round the pool, the village youngsters meet,
And try the frozen edge with tim'rous feet,
The surface trembles, and the crackling noise,
Cows, with wide spreading fear, faint-hearted boys;
Whilst one more vent'rous than the rest appears,
Glides to the centre, and assured it bears,
Raised on his skaits, the polish'd mirror skims,
Nor dreads immersions deep, bruis'd bones, or broken limbs;

Just such a vent'rer, trembling near the shore,
Was I, when first I tried this surface o'er,
With doubtful step, new to the slippery stage,
I anxious wish'd, yet dreaded to engage;
Hope smiled auspicious, and assurance gave,
I should not meet a cold o'erwhelming grave,
Then from the shore, my puny bark I push'd,
Whilst your applause my loudest terrors hush'd;

And

And to your candour trusting, still I glide,
 Safely my bark 'long the unruffled tide,
 Your kind protection is the prosp'rous gale,
 That speed's its voyage, and extends its sail;
 And whilst such fav'ring breezes happy blow,
 With all the aid indulgence can bestow,
 Be *this* her wish'd-for course, her grateful name,
 Th' Endeavour Brig, bound for the port of Fame.---

EVERY MAN HIS HOBBY.

Tune,---“Ge ho dobbin.”

IT was Dryden observ'd, whom you know was fam'd
 wise,

That men are but children tho' six feet in size,
 And honest old Shandy that whimsical droll,
 Thro' life's journey on hobbies he makes us all stroll.

Attention pray give while on hobbies I sing,
 For each has his hobby from cobbler to king,
 On some favourite hobby we all get astride,
 And when once we're mounted full gallop we ride.

Your beaux, those sweet gentlemen's hobby good lack,
 Is to wear great large poultices tied round their necks,
 And they think in the *ton* and the *tippy* they're dress'd,
 If they have breeches that reach from the ankles to
 chest.

The hobbies of soldiers in time of dread wars,
 Are breaches, bravadoes and blood, wounds and scars,
 But in peace you'll observe how different the trade is,
 The hobbies of soldiers in peace are the ladies.

The ladies, sweet creatures, they now and then,
 Get astride on their hobbies e'en just like the men,
 With smiles and with simpers beguile us with ease,
 And we gallop, trot, amble e'en just as they please.

Our

Our manager's hobby is his plays well to cast,
 And he rides us poor actors most cursedly fast,
 He keeps us full gallop and ne'er looks behind him,
 And a damn'd spurring jockey we all of us find him.

You'll ask me, no doubt, since I'm wondrous free,
 Among others, friend—what may your hobby be,
 My hobby, good folks, is at all times to please you,
 And hope at a benefit tightly to squeeze you.

Ge ho dobbin, &c.

THE ORIGIN OF OLD BACHELORS.

SUNG BY Mr. JEFFERSON, THEATRE, BEVERLEY.

DAME Nature one day in a comical mood,
 While mixing the mould to make man,
 Was struck with a thought as th'ingredients she view'd,
 To alter a little her plan;
 Her children she knew were much given to rove,
 So tempering the clay with great art,
 She sparingly threw in the soft seeds of love,
 That usually spring round the heart;
 But she quickly repented tho' too late 'tis true, } Presto:
 For a fusty old bachelor stood forth to view. }
 Yes an old bachelor,—A fusty old bachelor,
 What's an old bachelor like?—why, I'll tell ye,
 An old bachelor is like—is like—a—a
 A tree without a branch;
 A buck without a haunch,
 A knife without a fork,
 Bottle without a cork,
 A key without a lock,
 A wig without a block.
 Thus you see, my good friends, what a whimsical
 creature,
 Was form'd in a frolic, by old Madam Nature.

The

The world ever since has been teaz'd with these creatures,

Well known by their stiff formal strut,
 Their dull downcast looks, crabb'd vinegar features,
 And dress of true bachelor cut :
 The bright blaze of beauty can't warm their cold clay,
 Dislik'd by maid, widdow and wife ;
 In a kind of half stupor the days pass away,
 Of these blanks in the lottery of life.

Thus curtail'd of pleasure, a stranger to love,
 The fusty old bachelor's destined to rove.
 Yes the old bachelor,—the fusty old bachelor, ~
 What's an old bachelor?—Why,— I think—that
 An old bachelor's like a—

Ship without a sail,
 A cat without a tail,
 Cellar without wine-o,
 Purse without the rhino,
 A watch without a chain,
 A Skull without the brain.

Thus you see my good friends, what a whimsical creature,
 Was form'd in a frolic, by old Madam Nature.

Now mark, if the sexes in number agree,
 As some queer philosophers think,
 Full many a damsel's soft heart I foresee,
 At this part of my story will sink,
 As two wives at once, men are not here allow'd
 Unless their suit parliament aids :
 And as bachelors stupid our streets daily croud,
 It follows their must be old maids :
 Thus we get from the smook, neatly into the smother,
 For one evil treads on the heels of another.

O fie on all old bachelors,—all flinty hearted bachelors,
 What's an old bachelor,—Why, I'm sure the ladies
 young or old,—married or single, will agree with me,
 that an old bachelor's like--what shall I say--like--like?

A bell without a clapper,
 A door without a rapper,

A drum

A drum without a file,
Butcher without a knife,
A sun without a moon,
A dish without a spoon,

Thus you see my good friends, what a whimsical
creature,
Was made in a frolic by old Madam Nature.

PARISH JOBBING ;

OR,

A VESTRY MEETING.

YOU know as well as I, in days of old,
As we by ancient history are told ;
When this church had a leg, and that, forsooth,
An arm, a scull, or else perhaps a tooth,
Of some right precious saint ; the touch of which,
Could cure the plague, the gout, small pox, or stitch,
Carver's were then employ'd each shrine to grace,
And images were fix'd in ev'ry place.
Date we our tale from hence, and next descry
A Parish Meeting, and the reason why.

Within an antique temple long had stood,
As good a God as e'er was made of wood ;
But now with age grown worm eaten and rotten,
They thought it time the God should be forgotten ;
For this the wardens would a Vestry call,
Whether to know (as this was fit to fall) }
They'd have a new God, or no God at all. }

Here they all agreed, it would be very odd,
For them to have a church, and ne'er a God.
One must be got.—But first the gentry said for
A certainty as this God must be paid for,
Out of a parish rate to be assess'd,
They would by no means have the Poor oppress'd :
They therefore thought their bus'ness was to take
The cheapest God that any man would make.

Then

Then started up a tradesman, named Ezek'el,
 Who dealt in Candles, Nails, and Oil, and Treacle,
 There is said he within this parish here,
 One that will do this job, and not too dear,
 So let's directly send the Sexton to him,
 It's *such a one* the Joiner; you all know him.
 I'm very sure he'll do it to a T.
 I know the Man;—he buys his nails of me.
 Here, said a Butcher—Hark ye, Friend, between us,
 Ere he be sent for,—has that man a genius?

Z—ds cry'd Ezekiel in a passion hurl'd,
 I'll bring a proof of that against the world.
 He owes me shillings now above a score,
 And genius you know is always poor.

Next Snip the Tailor spoke—said he, that's flat,
 And I myself can witness bear to that:
 I'll tell you likewise how I came to know it;
 I made a pair of Breeches for a poet,
 And I've his bill at home unpaid will shew it. }
 But what in this affair he did propose,
 Was that he wish'd to make the God some clothes;
 Howe'er he wish'd no benefits to reap,
 For he would make his garments very cheap;
 From remnants; he would make him such a shiner,
 There's not a God in these dominions finer.

Blood,—says a Draper,—is it thus you hatch work;
 D'ye think to fob us with a God of patchwork?
 No, no,—I'll see his clothing neat and fine is;
 The God shall have as good a coat as mine is.
 To that I'll promise for myself to see;
 None of your merry andrew Gods for me.

A Mercer said he'd find the God a shirt,
 And let the parish have it cheap as dirt.

A Barber said—to make the God look big on
 High festivals he needs must have a wig on,
 He thought of making a full bottom'd high wig;
 But if they pleas'd, the God should have a tye wig.

A wig

A wig he sure must have ; and over that,
 A Hatter said, the God must have a hat.
 Yes, says a Hosier,—and I will make bold
 To say his stockings should be clock'd with gold.

A Tanner, who as yet had never spoke,
 Now 'rose, and thus he gravely silence broke ;
 The argument which chiefly he rely'd on,
 Was here as how, the God should have a hide on ;
 And all that he propos'd was only whether
 They should agree upon what sort of leather.

'Twas here a shoemaker lift up his voice,
 Seal skins he said were best ; and he had choice.
 No, said a fishmonger, we'll have no seal skins,
 Be rul'd by me, and make his hide of eel skins.
 Stay, said the wardens—not without some laughter ;
 First raise the God—we'll talk of clothing after.
 To this they all agreed, no more was said ;
 The joiner sent for, and a bargain made,
 To bring his work in, too, a day was set,
 The day arriv'd, and all the people met,
 To see the new made God each was in flame,
 The church was crowded, and the joiner came :
 The God produc'd.—But on his first appearing,
 Such was the laughing, hissing, cursing, swearing,
 That ne'er was known such jarring, groaning, flouting,
 Since wrangling mobs first learnt the art of shouting.

However, all the joiner had to say for't
 Was this ;---he'd made the God;---and they must pay
 for't.

They bade him take again his log of wood ;
 He swore he would not, and they swore he shou'd.

The warden, apprehensive of a riot,
 (To clear the church, and keep the people quiet)
 Thus spoke.---My friends and neighbours all, my trust
 is,

You'll go and order this before a justice ;
 And not stay wrangling here from morn till night,
 But let his worship set the matter right.

To this advice the people all agree
 Then turning to the sexton :---Go, said he,
 And say that we depend upon his wisdom,
 To view the God, and tell the joiner his doom
 Within the parish, very near the place,
 There dwelt a Justice with unmeaning face ;
 Upon whose brow dwelt a majestic scowl
 Like that of bird of Pallas--call'd an owl.
 A man he was, who with a large assortment
 Of dulness, pass'd for one of grave deportment.

To him the sexton did his tale relate,
 And that the parish meant on him to wait ;
 And to avoid all clamour and division,
 They all resolv'd to stand by his decision.
 His worship of his consequence right big
 Slip'd on his furred gown, and sunday wig ;
 Then squeez'd into a two arm'd chair (scarce able
 To hold him) fix'd behind a large square Table ;

And now behold his worship sit in state,
 Hearing the parish all their griefs relate.
 The first who spoke complained his size was stinted ;
 A second he was crook'd ; a third he squinted.
 It was a crabtree God.---The joiner spoke,
 And swore the God was made of heart of oak.
 The warden said he knew not what the tree was,
 The God was no more like a God than he was.

The justice who in former part of life,
 Had had some dealings with the joiner's wife,
 In this affair humanely set his heart,
 Kindly to plead his cause, and take his part.
 Cry'd mind what I say---when you go to tax work
 Of wood ;---you can't expect a piece of waxwork.
 Why I---I know the law.---I don't know carving
 But this I know---I see the fellow's starving.
 He's done his work---you own the bargain made ;
 He must,---oh yes the fellow must be paid.
 Then this might be to him a piece of odd work ;
 Perhaps (poor man) he is not us'd to God-work.

Though

Though now I needs must tell ye, for a wood God,
Methinks it seems a tolerable good God :

I will maintain in this here case, said he,
You all did mighty well to come to me ;
I must confess I hold it much more wise
Than bringing on a trial at the assize ;
'Tis better far ;---better on ev'ry score,
For law is chargeable, the fellow poor.
Call silence there.---John straightway call'd out si-
lence,

With voice so loud, it might be heard a mile thence ;
Then spoke his worship with a look profound,
And very gravely cast his eyes around,
Now mark me well what I intend to do ;
I neither mean to hurt the man nor you.
The man must have his money for his labours ;
Oh ! pay the man his due, and live like neighbours ;
As to the God --if 'tis not to your will,
It very well may serve for something still.
You know-- (he paus'd-- and, as the story goes,
Pull'd out his handkerchief, and blow'd his nose ;
Then to the joiner with a look severe,
Hark you, said he---you carving fellow there :)
You know we read of beings good and evil ;
What will you take to make this God a devil ?
Can you make one ?---I can upon my life, sir,
What will you make it by ?---quothe he, my wife, sir.
Let them but pay me now just what they ought,
And then I'll make a devil on't for nought.

Why, neighbours, (said the justice) I declare,
Upon my soul, the man speaks very fair ;
I say the word--- deny it now who dare. }
Here take the God away, and see you do't,
Make him all o'er as black as Hell with soot :
His forehead you a pair of horns must nail on,
And hark you, friend--- be sure you clap a tail on ;
Fix to his legs a pair of cloven feet,
And bring it to My Worsnip here to see't.

The

The joiner went, and quickly made by odds,
The best of devils of the worst of Gods.

And now behold, the people all amaz'd,
At what, as God they hated stood and gaz'd ;
And all admiring as a devil prais'd. }
The churchwarden on seeing this relented,
Paid down the cash, and all were well contented.
Cry'd with what skill his worship weigh'd the cause ;
Extoll'd his wisdom much, and humm'd applause.
Aye (said the justice) now you see it fine is,
To have among you such a head as mine is.
Go clear the hall, bid Susan bring my cap ;
I'll drink my bottle off, and have a nap.

Then to the joiner, who was still in view,
Come back, said he---I want to speak to you,
Now learn instruction from a man of letters,
And mind in future how you carve your betters.
As to this God :---this devil here I mean,
(For surely such a God was never seen.)
I stood your friend, because I saw you starv'd ;
But had it been an ALDERMAN you'd carv'd,
As I'm alive, no money should have bail'd you ;
But spite of all your friends, I should have jail'd you.

A COMIC, POETIC, HEROIC, LOYAL ADDRESS,

IN CHARACTER OF

T O M T H U M B.

AS RECITED BY MASTER MEADOWS, THEATRE, KENDAL.

(*Meadows.*)

BEHOLD a Hero most renoun'd in story,
Who comes to add fresh laurels to his glory,
I've conquer'd *Giants*, that indeed is true,
But I'll do more, I'll try to vanquish you ;

Bold

Bold in this cause--- eager I take the field,
 Determined that I'll conquer, if you'll yield,
 Faith, yield you shall, ladies take not alarm,
 The females are protected from all harm;
 I'm your protector, can you have a safer,
 Ten thousand Giants I have slain--- on paper,
 But hold, friend Tommy, cease your idle boast,
 For here perhaps you reckon without host;
 If I look 'round this awe inspiring place,
 I'm sure I shall not find one coward face,
 How should I, am not I on England's shore,
 Where liberty her choicest blessings pour;
 Protected by a *King*, whom *Britons* love,
 As father,---friend,--- the olive bearing dove,
 Long may he grace this Isle, long may he see,
 His people happy, and from faction free;
 Our Commerce flourish, Envy droop her head,
 And Loyalty triumphant in her stead,
 Can I say more, with joy I'm almost dumb,
 Excuse the warmth of General *Tom Thumb*.

P E G T I M B E R T O E ;

A Comic Irish Song.

Tune,---“Religion's a Politic law.”

OCH there liv'd not a long time ago,
 In that sweet town call'd Ballipcreen,
 A virgin nam'd, Peg Timbertoe,
 And myself, honies, called Darby O'Sheen,
 In beauty we equall'd so pat,
 For a leg and an eye wanted Peg,
 And Darby cou'd match her for that,
 For I wanted an eye and a leg.

Wid a whack fal lal, &c.

Och

Och I saw, and I lov'd this sweet creature,
 I was struck with her presence behind,
 No joy cou'd I e'er take in nature,
 So I wrote a big piece of my mind,
 O Peg, I my passion can't smother,
 Like charcoal I'm burnt black and blue,
 So without any nonsense or bother,
 I'd marry, dear honey, with you.

Wid a wack fal lal, &c.

So I sent her this humbugging letter,
 Each pot-hook, Peg turn'd to a dart,
 She swore that she ne'er read a better,
 It trip'd up the heels of her heart,
 Then she quickly her passion confest,
 In accents so sweet and so mild,
 My heart jumps about in my breast,
 Och bother I'll surely run wild.

Wid a wack fal lal, &c.

Then the priest of the parish came straight,
 He knew our perfections to scan,
 He swore that a maid so complete,
 Never wedded so perfect a man,
 We surely were form'd for delight,
 Tho' to give old Palaver his due,
 Whisky punch had so bother'd his sight,
 He could not tell a P from a Q.

Wid a wack fal lal, &c.

So he hiccup'd and bless'd us again,
 In hopes we should double his pay,
 But before the clerk snuffled amen,
 We hopp'd like two magpies away,
 The evening we spent in delight,
 In the morn we were call'd to eat eggs,
 When we saw on the turf blazing bright,
 (Oh blood and turf) Our beautiful two wooden
 legs.

Wid a wack fal lal, &c.

A COMIC PINDARIC TALE, CALLED,
THE KNIGHT AND THE BARBER;

O R,

C L O S E S H A V I N G.

A CERTAIN worthy Knight, whose face
Resembled much a fiddle case,
Whose lantern jaws on either side,
Had long to prop his cheeks denied;
Went to be shav'd—
The barber with a bow or two,
Did as most barbers do,
And most barbarical behaved;
First in a chair he plac'd him,
Then with a napkin grac'd him,
Which had most likely been,
Sometime or other rather clean;
And now from razor-case drew the machine,
Once as sharp as the axe of the French Guillotine,
Which used to save trouble of jury or trial,
In shaving such nobs as were thought to be loyal;
Now with a heavy lather he brisk applies,
Half filling the mouth and near blinding the eyes
Of his patient, who shrouded so snug in his robe,
Endured what might weary the patience of Job;
Then brandishing his razor high in air,
He seem'd for actual service to prepare,
Proceeding with great caution and due care,
To free the Phiz of all superfluous hair;
But now a dreadful doubt arose,
After he'd plac'd his palm upon his nose,
As if he'd meant his patients breath to close;
Whether he could with safety take away,
The beard that grew burned, as I may say,
Within the hollow caverns nature had,
On each side of his muzzle made,
Therefore he with most obsequious cringe,
Beg'd that he might be allow'd to sing;

At

At this old sir Lanthorn Jaws horribly curs'd,
 And swore that he'd see all the barbers sent first,
 To the regions infernal, and fifty times farther,
 Before he'd be shav'd with inflammable lather;
 The barber humbly beg'd his honour's pardon,
 But thought his business was a plaguy hard one,
 And fresh expedient being forced to seek,
 He thrust his finger withinside his cheek;
 And lifting up the skin which like scorch'd leather,
 Or coat of toasted cheese was shrunk together,
 With care and due precaution safe he got,
 O'er warts, wens, pimples, wrinkles, and what not;
 'Till growing in his business too secure,
 Forgetting he was not a sinecure,
 He by not quite a scientific slash,
 Cut in the patients cheek a most tremendous gash;
 The poor knight starting with the pain,
 Rose from the chair with might and main,
 Raving and roaring round the shop he run,
 You've cut my cheek; you careless son of a gun;
 But he who thro' the wounded part,
 Had felt the spice of his own heart,
 Cried out just like a minstrell singer,
 Curse your thin cheeks I say, I've cut my finger.

THE MINIATURE PAINTER

AS SUNG IN CHARACTER OF DANIEL O'DAUB.

(Cross.)

YOU may talk about mimics that take people off,
 With their double tongu'd brogue and grimaces,
 They take but the voice and that's little enough,
 But I take off necks, heads and faces;
 Then I give the sweet creatures such beautiful features,
 Beholders are certain to strike,
 That resemblance so great is from toe to the pate,
 By my soul that you'll ne'er see the like;

In

In a row the lads call me the first at a push;
 And all the girls say I'm a dab at a brush;
 There's the pretty maid,—the witty maid,
 The napping maid,—the strapping maid,
 The thinking maid,—the drinking maid,
 The bold maid,—and the old maid,
 The so so maid,—and the no maid,
 I make all look handsome for charming my trade is,
 And neatly I tickle the taste of the ladies.
 I tickle the taste of the ladies.

Their teeth are flake white, and carnation each cheek,
 Their lips view, you'd think on bob cherry,
 Their tongues too tho' silent, look ready to speak,
 And their eye lashes black as a berry,
 With dimples I make'em, so roguish, plague take'em,
 The devil's own self they'd beguile,
 They so lovingly leer, that your bosoms they'd cheer,
 And faith frown you dead with a smile;
 Like diamonds so sweetly they sparkle each eye,
 The dark world with moonlight they'd sweetly supply;
 There's the sleeping eye,---the weeping eye,
 The strolling eye,---the rolling eye,
 The hinting eye,---the squinting eye,
 The dumb eye,---and the one eye,
 The so so eye,---and the no eye,
 So handsome I make'em for charming my trade is,
 I'm the lad just to tickle the taste of the ladies.
 To tickle the taste of the ladies.

G R I Z Z L E. (Dibdin.)

T WAS one morning in May, the weather but queer,
 Rather hazy, a sort of a mizzle,
 When with a love song, I was shot thro' the ear,
 By a maid, and her name it was Grizzle;
 The graces might dance, to the tune of her song,
 All warbling, and full of her riggs,

With

With a bucket of wash, as she tript it along,
Just going to feed the pigs;

Tig---tig---tig.

Then to hear the old sow, ask the little pig,
My love have you got enough,

And the little pig cry out, oui oui oui,
Speaking french, to shew her breeding d'ye see,

Why a bench of Judges, might have shook their
wigs,

To hear the like, of the fun and the rigs,
While lovely Grizzle was feeding the pigs.

The next time I saw her, was at the barn door,

Dress'd in petticoat, sleeves and a boddice,

What art thou, said I, for I'm not very sure,

Art a fairy, a witch, or a Goddess,

The muses in vain, would describe her in song,

'Stead of nine, had they seventy pens,

As graceful the barley, she scatter'd along,

All feeding the cocks and the hens;

Coop biddy coop biddy cup,

Then to see all the chickens come tumbling up,

While chanticleer cried to his hens,

Clook clock clock, clock clock clock,

Took took took took took, took took took took took,

Not the hens and the cocks, nor the cocks and the
hens,

Tho' their tails and their wings, were all made into
pens,

Could e'er describe *Grizzle* while feeding the hens.

To Grizzle I'm married, so bless'd ne'er was man,

We have children, the best part of twenty,

So we try to maintain 'em, as well as we can,

While content turns our pittance to plenty,

If the great, their dependants, and parasites own,

So do we for the dogs and the cats,

Come flattering round, for a scrap or a bone,

While we're feeding our sweet little brats,

Diddle liddle liddle, come then into lap,
 Then I awkwardly burn the child's mouth with the
 pap,
 Then to hear the sweet music,
 Yah yah yah yah, yah yah yah yah,
 Hush hush hush hush hush, come to its Mamma,
 Miaw--bow--wow, oh he has let his sister fall,
 You little dog I'll knock your brains out,
 Blest with children and wife, and my dogs and my
 cats,
 Throw settlements titles and deeds to the rats,
 Give me my sweet *Grizzle* while feeding her brats.

W I L L W A D D L E ;

O R,

LODGINGS FOR SINGLE GENTLEMEN.

(*Colman.*)

WHO has e'er been in London, that overgrown
 place,
 Has seen "lodgings to let" stare him full in the face ;
 Some are good, and let dearly ; while some, 'tis well
 known,
 Are so dear, and so bad, they are best let alone.
 Derry down.

Will Waddle, whose temper was studious and lonely,
 Hir'd lodgings that took single gentlemen only ;
 But Will was so fat, he appear'd like a tun,
 Or like two single gentlemen rol'd into one.

He entered his rooms ; and to bed he retreated,
 But, all the night long he felt fever'd and heated ;
 And though heavy to weigh, as a score of fat sheep,
 He was not, by any means, heavy to sleep.

Next

Next night 'twas the same ;---and the next ;---and the next ;

He perspir'd like an ox ; he was nervous and vex'd ;
Week pass'd after week ; till, by weekly succession,
His weakly condition was past all expression.

In six months, his acquaintance began much to doubt
him ;

For his skin, " like a lady's loose gown," hung about
him ;

He sent for a doctor ; and cried, like a ninny,
" I have lost many pounds---make me well---there's a
guinea."

The doctor look'd wise :---" a slow fever," he said ;
Prescrib'd sudorifics---and going to bed.

" Sudorifics in bed," exclaim'd Will, " are humbugs !
I've enough of them there, without paying for drugs."

Will kick'd out the doctor---but when ill indeed,
E'en dismissing the doctor don't always succeed ;
So calling his host, he said---" sir, do you know,
I am the fat single gentleman, six months ago ?

Look'e landlord, I think," argued Will with a grin,
" That with honest intentions you first *took me in* :
But from the first night---and to say it I'm bold---
I have been so damn'd hot, that I'm sure I caught cold

Quoth the landlord--" 'till now, I ne'er had a dispute ;
I've let lodgings ten years--I'm a baker to boot ;
In airing your sheets, sir, my wife is no sloven,
And your bed is immediately over my oven."

" The oven ! ! !" says Will---says the host, " Why this
passion ?

In that excellent bed died three people of fashion,
Why so crusty, good sir ?"--" Zounds !"--cries Will,
in a taking,

" Who wou'dn't be crusty, with half a year's baking ?"
Will

Will paid for his rooms ; cried the host with a sneer,
 “ Well, I see you’ve been *going away* half a year ;”
 “ Friend, we can’t well agree---yet no quarrel,”---
 Will said,
 “ For one man may die where another makes bread.”

NEPTUNE’S CHOICE;
 OR THE
 TIGHT LITTLE ISLAND.
 (T. Dibdin.)

WHEN the world first began, and some folks say
 before,
 As old Neptune was quaffing his grog at the Nore,
 He cried out in his cups, “ as my *land* is the sea,”
 It’s time to consult what its colour shall be.
 Tol de rol lol, &c.

Amphitrite who had been to drink tea at Sheerness,
 And had seen at the barracks a captain’s spruce dress,
 To her husband she cried, as she flirted her fan,
 Let its colour be red, “ do now that’s a dear man.”
 Tol de rol lol, &c.

Neptune shook his rough locks, at his wife gave a
 frown,
 Then his tailor call’d in, with some patterns from town,
 He still was perplexed, ’till he cast up his eye,
 And resolv’d that the ocean, should match the bright
 sky.
 Tol de rol lol, &c.

Thus the sea, as philosophers know to be true,
 As it wash’d our white cliffs bore a fine azure hue,
 ’Till the laurel of Britain victorious was seen,
 To reflect on its surface and change it to green.
 Tol de rol lol, &c.
 You

You may guess our opposers were sad at the sight,
 As the sea grew more green, why Monsiuer grew more
 white,
 And they never beheld it, but vext at the view,
 They scold at poor Neptune and cry out Morbleu.
 Tol de rol lol, &c.

May its colour remain, and good luck to the boys,
 Who o'er its salt surface, thro' danger and noise,
 With Howe, Duncan, St. Vincent and Nelson main-
 tain,
 That this *tight* little Island, still governs the main.
 Tol de rol lol, &c.

AN OCCASIONAL, COMIC, NAUTICAL,

A D D R E S S ;

(in character of a Lieutenant.)

As spoken on the opening of the Theatre, Whitby,
 November 16th 1803, by Mr. MEADOWS.

(Alter'd and adapted from T. Dibdin, Esq.)

Speaking without, R. H.

HOLD—hold—avast boatswain, (*to Prompter*) ere
 anchor we weigh,
 Permit an *old Seaman*, a few words to say,

Enters, R. H.

What-cheer, I hope hearty,—it makes the heart glow,
 To bid welcome to friends, both aloft and below,
 Well our tackle's all ready, our hands are all staunch,
 And with rapture we hail you, to witness the *Launch*;
 We've *refilled* you see, a snug neat *pleasure* boat,
 And we hope by your favour, to keep her afloat;
 Each

Each cabin's convenient, (*boxes*) at least so 'twas
plann'd,

There's snug births below, (*pit*) and our tops (*gallery*)
are well mann'd;

Our timbers are taught (*stage*) some messmates tho'
new,

Join with old ones in claiming protection from you ;
Each hand on this deck, (*stage*) comes with fix'd in-
clination,

To rise in the service,—by your approbation ;

Tho' in other provisions you'll find your own table,

We'll keep you in *spirits* as long as we're able ;

We've Artillery too, care and folly to shoot,

And are arm'd as these gentlemen, (*Orchestra*) witness,
en flute ;

We've great guns of *Tragedy*, loaded so well,

If they do but go off, they must certainly tell ;

While with small shot, from Farce and low Comedy
swivels,

We've sworn to burn, sink, or destroy the Blue Devils ;

But aim where we will, we shall ever require,

From your hands a good broadside, to second our fire ;

Should you ask with what freightage our vessel is
stor'd,

What cargo,—what riches,—we carry on board ;

Look round, you'll see *all* Britons value on earth,

True freedom—good nature—wit—beauty and worth ;

With such lading as this, while our voyage round we
measure,

Our anchor is hope, our compass your pleasure ;

Bows and is going,—returns.

Yet hold, ere I go you may think it but right,

To know under what colours we sail, trade, and fight ;

'Tis English, true English, her name would you know,

We call her the *Whitby*, mann'd by Butler and Co ;

Of whose zeal as commander,—zounds I nearly,—but
mum,

His actions will speak, so I'd better be dumb ;

Hearts and hands are all loyal, our standard you view,

Which we never will strike, while protected by you.

THE

THE AWKWARD RECRUIT.

BEHOLD poor Will, just come from drill,
 Not long ago I listed ;
 I sold my cart to pay the smart,
 But money they resisted.
 I can't tell what may be my lot,
 But still 'tis mighty odd, sir,
 That they should pop a lad like I,
 Into their awkward squad, sir :
 With sword and dagger, belt and swagger,—
 Tal de ral, &c.

I wish I was at home again,
 And got my working clothes on,
 My greasy hat as here it sat,
 And sunday's woollen hose on :
 But at command, I'm forc'd to stand
 As stiff as any poker :
 And in this plight wheel to the right,
 Or my head it would be broke, sir ;
 They break one's head with such a kind of a—
 Tal de ral, &c.

I walk'd and run, for the corporal's fun,
 'Till I've wore two pair of shoes out ;
 And had such knocks, as if in the stocks,
 To make me turn my toes out ;
 I'm sure they can no good intend,
 To run me out of breath, sir,
 And then this stock, drawn round my neck
 (O curse !)

It throttles me to death, sir,
 And somehow or other, when I'm stuffing the
 victuals down my throat, I can't get 'em down,
 for this confounded—Tal de ral, &c.

But like a maken I must stand,
 With my fingers below my breeches ;

Nor

Nor dare not even move my hands
 To scratch my head where it itches ;
 And there the soap and flour
 Is plaster'd on my head, sir ;
 But for my king and country
 I'll fight until I'm dead, sir :
 Ho, God bless the king ! I'll fight for him, and
 sing—Tal de ral, &c.

If serjeant Kite informs me right,
 I cut a pretty figure ;
 And why mayn't I in battle try,
 Sure I can pull a trigger :
 It is my will the French to kill,
 I'll do't with all my heart, sir ;
 Who knows but a recruit may chance to shoot
 Great General Bonaparte, sir.
 Why, that French dog, if I get hold of him, I'll
 give him such a—Tal de ral, &c.

If I can kill this great Frenchman,
 My country be befriended,
 It be a thunder-bolt for France,
 And making the wars be ended :
 No doubt but I shall captain be,
(There's a pretty figure for a captain)
 O, that's a pretty thing, sir ;
 I'll tear my throat from night to morn,
 Shout huzza ! God save the King, sir :
 O, God bless the King, if any body should med-
 dle with him, I'll give them such a kind of a
 —Tal de ral, &c.

But now my blood begins to rise,
 It shows that I'm a Briton ;
 And if the French should dare to land,
 Huzza ! my boys, we'll spit'em,
 Let ev'ry man to his motto stand,
 And that's, we know, a Lion ;

Let

Let English boys go heart and hand,

There hang 'em we defy 'em :

Damn the French dogs, if they come here, *me*
and the-----Volunteers will give them
such a---Tal de ral, &c.

JERRY SNEAKS JEU DE ESPRIT;

O R,

THE MINIKIN PIN MAKER IN HIS GLORY.

VELL here I am,— I suppose before I speak,
You knows as how, as I be Jerry Sneak,
I wishes my brother Bruin vas but here,
For since I *seed* him last, my precious dear,
My wife I mean, has given me such a snubbing,
'Gad to tell truth, it was a *devillish* drubbing;
And all a cause, as how I said, says I,
Vone day *when* nobody but ourselves *vas* by;
Says I, the people says, my lovely chuck,
They says as how, as you've made me a buck;
Vat's that ye noodle, says she, I'll lay a vager,
Some fools ha' been a talking 'bout the major;
Lord so they have, says I, *what* made you guess it,
And you knows I *seed* you too, tho' you *vont* confess it,
Both in the garden, "*what* of that, you brute,"
" The garden— didn't we only go to pluck some
fruit?"

Aye but says I, the summer house for that,
I'll swear as how his boots *vas* of that's flat:
An you *vas* frighten'd *when* you heard me cough,
I suppose you thinks mayhap at me to laugh;
But I'm advised by Bruin--- aye by him;
To bring an action out, about Con Crim:
And so I *vill*, I'm told with such good grounds,
As how my damages *vill* be a thousand pounds;
All this I told her, oh Lord---oh dear she's here,
Oh no she's not, 'twas nothing but my fear ;

But

But if as how, as I can from her part,
 I'll shew'em all that Jerry has a heart:
 And if I can but compass, this here cash,
 I'll shew you what it is to cut a dash;
 I'll be a buck of spirit, shew'em the kick,
 I'll wear my sunday's coat on all the week,
 An then at table let my lovey frown,
 I'll help myself, aye, to a bit of the brown;
 I'll go too every night to the Nags-head club,
 And stay as long as I like, and swig the bub;
 Then coming home as drunk as David's sow,
 I'll break the lamps, and I'll kick up a row;
 Knock down the *Vatchmen* too, and have such sport,
 Mayhap get into the *Vatch-house*, that's your sort;
 I'll be as big a blade as Peter Prig,
 And strap my *wife* there'll be a pretty rig;
 Oh lud, *was* she to hear me, but as long,
 As she an't here, I'll sing my funny song,
 Pray don't be angry, if a laugh should seize ye,
 I means no harm, I only *wish* to please ye.

FOUR AND TWENTY PUPPET SHEWS.

FOUR and twenty Puppet Shows all on a row,
 Four and twenty Puppet Shows all on a row,

There was Punch and his wife going to old Nick in
 a hand basket, and the little devil lighting them with
 a dark lanthorn for fear they should lose their way,
 and there was the celebrated Monsterini standing be-
 hind the door in a manner never attempted by any
 body before, and saying nothing at all in a foreign
 language, for the information of the people down below,

It is my lady's holiday,
 Therefore we will be merry.

Four and twenty Gardeners all on a row,
Four and twenty Gardeners all on a row,

There were the *great* Gardeners at the West-end of the town boasting what fine large crops of *salery* they had, and there were the *poor* Gardener's at the East-end of the town without any *salery* at all to support a plentiful crop from the parsley bed, and there they were crying, onions, fine large onions, no more than a penny a rope, to see Punch and his wife going, &c.

It is my lady's holiday, &c.

Four and twenty Lawyers all on a row,
Four and twenty Lawyers all on a row,

There was Middlesex to wit, being the first day of term, all the black coats came home fresh from the scourers, there were special originals, fiery faces, copies of uneasiness, counsellors, bum-bailiffs, attorneys, and jew-bail, all a penny a rope, and the devil lighting them with a dark lanthorn for fear they should lose their way, down below,

It is my lady's holiday, &c.

Four and twenty Doctors all on a row,
Four and twenty Doctors all on a row,

There were regular physicians, quack physicians, surgeons, apothecaries, men-midwives, and a vast number of other old women, consulting about perri-wigs, lotions and potions, cutting up constitutions, and knocking'em down with gold headed canes, deaths heads, snuff-boxes, and undertakers, all special originals, Middlesex to wit, being the first day of term, all the black coats came home fresh from the scourers, counsellors and bum-bailiffs, attorneys and jew-bail, all a penny a rope, and the little devil lighting'em with a dark lanthorn, for fear they should lose their way, down below,

It is my lady's holiday, &c.

Four

Four and twenty Admirals all on a row,
 Four and twenty Admirals all on a row,

There was the English Admiral (the brave Duncan)
 supporting the glory and honour of the british flag;
 and finishing a noble autumn, by bringing a dutch
Winter into England, and there was the british admiral
 running away with the credit of the day, and the
 dutch admiral forced to stay, a prisoner they say among
 regular physicians, quacks, surgeons, apothecaries, men-
 midwives, and other old women, consulting about perri-
 wigs, lotions and potions, all special originals, Middlesex
 to wit, and the little devil lighting them with a dark
 lanthorn for fear they should lose their way down below,
 It is my lady's holiday, &c.

Four and twenty Actors all on a row,
 Four and twenty Actors all on a row,

There was Alexander the Great, Toby Allspice,
 Pizarro, Caleb Quotum, Captain Bobadil, Sir John
 Falstaff, Quig Oddbody, Darby, King Richard, Dicky
 Gossip, Father Phillip and little Pickle, giving the
 English Admiral a royal salute, the british admiral
 running away with the the credit of the day, and the
 dutch Admiral forced to stay, among a vast number
 of other old women consulting about perriwigs, lotions
 and potions; cutting up constitutions, and knocking'em
 down, with gold headed canes, snuff-boxes and under-
 takers, all special originals, fiery faces, copies of uneasi-
 ness, counsellors and bum-bailiffs, attorneys and jew-
 bail, all a penny a rope, and the little devil lighting
 them with a dark lanthorn for fear they should lose
 their way, and there was the celebrated Monsterini
 standing behind the door, in a manner never attempted
 by any body before, and the famous Italian Harlequin
 jumping over a two-penny loaf without ever touching
 the under crust, thro' a hogshead of porter, where if he
 chances to stick in the middle, he'll drink his way thro'
 for the information of the people down below,

It is my lady's holiday,
 Therefore let us be merry.

THE

THE PARSON AND QUAKER.

A JOLLY-FAC'D Parson once happen'd to pop,
 Into Cymon Pure's plain-dealing every-day shop,
 To look out a hat that wou'd just fit his nob,
 But his Rev'ence found that a most difficult job.
 Derry down.

He look'd, and he tried—still laying them down,
 For he had found none yet big enough for his crown;
 At last he squeez'd one on—it fitted him pat,
 "Now," says he, "Mr. Pure, what's the price of this
 hat?"
 Derry down.

Cymon turn'd round the hat 'fore his cream coloured
 face,
 "Four and ninepence," said he, and a hum fil'd the
 space;
 "Four and ninepence!" cried black coat, and turn'd
 the hat o'er,
 "By my God, I ne'er gave so much money before.
 Derry down.

The Quaker cried, "Parson, thou'rt in a bad way,
 "We people ne'er swear but by good YEA and NAY;
 "We never make mention of God's holy name,"—
 "By God," cried the Parson, then you're much to
 blame.
 Derry down.

"Umph," said the Quaker, "art'sure this is true?
 If thou speakest next sunday I'll come near thy pew,
 And if thou to the people will swear plain and flat,
 By good yea and nay, why, I'll give thee the hat."
 Derry down.

The Parson agreed, as for good sunday next,
 And his Quakership went, just to hear this bad text;

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